

No.  
15

# BLACK HOOD

comics

SUMMER

10¢

AN  
**MLJ**  
MAGAZINE





[illegible]



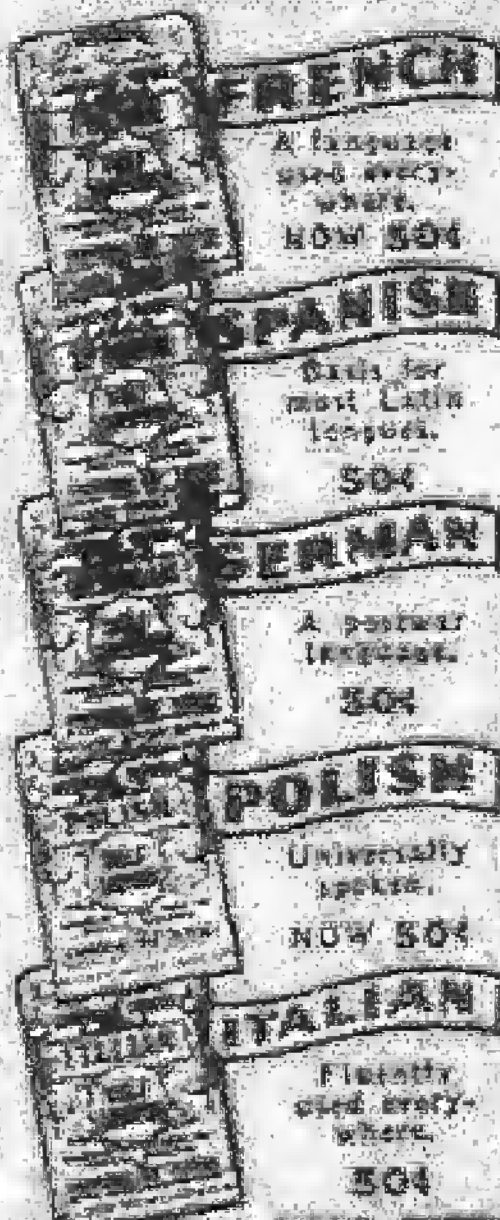


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### THE CASE OF THE BLOOD-RED RUBIES

MEMO: THIS CASE WAS OUT OF THIS WORLD! I CAUGHT THE MURDERER, AND YET I DIDN'T! SOUNDS SCREWY, DOESN'T IT? WELL, THAT'S THE KIND OF CASE THIS WAS-A SCREWY CASE!

### THE CASE OF THE BEAUTIFUL CORPSE

MEMO: OH, BROTHER! I'LL NEVER LIVE THIS ONE DOWN! BEAUTY IS SUPPOSED TO BE ONLY SKIN DEEP, BUT WHEN THEY START CALLING ME THE "BEAUTIFUL MR. BURLAND" WELL, THAT GETS UNDER MY SKIN-WAY UNDER!

### THE CASE OF THE FRIENDLY MURDERS

MEMO: I'M VERY SENSITIVE ABOUT SITTING IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR A MURDER I DIDN'T COMMIT! SO, THE ONLY THING TO DO WAS FIND THE GUY WHO DID IT! A VERY FRIENDLY GUY, I MIGHT ADD!

CONFIDENTIAL FILES OF THE

# Black HOOD



PLUS--

GLOOMY GUS - THE HOMELESS GHOST  
AND OTHER SPECIAL FEATURES!!

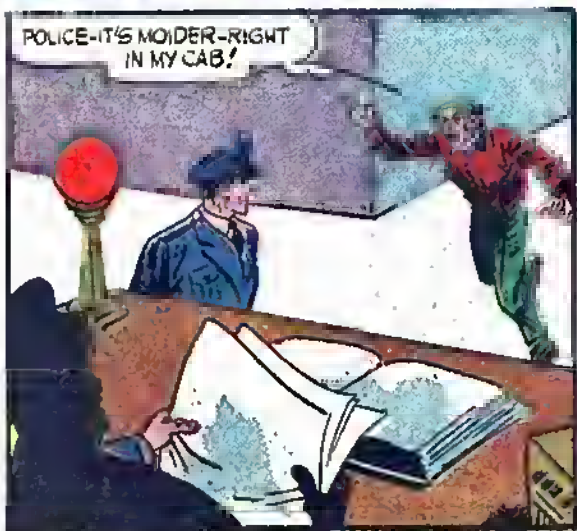
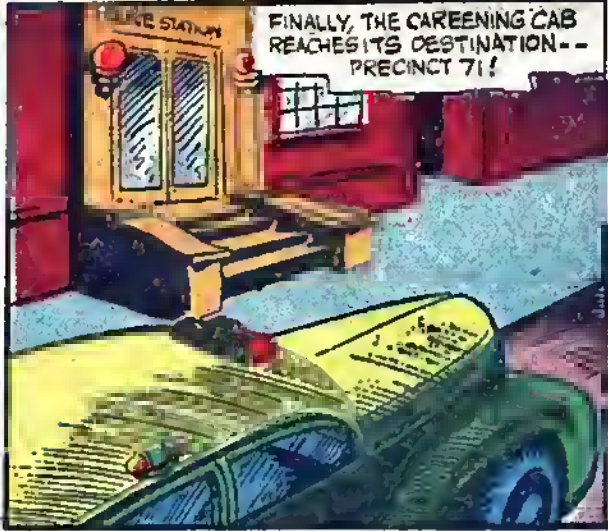
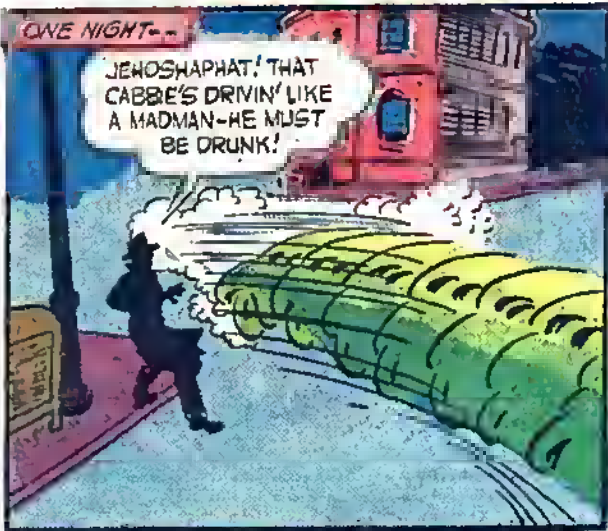
# Phy *Black* HOOD


and

The CASE  
of the  
*Blood* RED  
RUBIES!










A man in a blue uniform is talking to a man in an orange suit who is sitting in a car. The man in the orange suit is holding a hat.

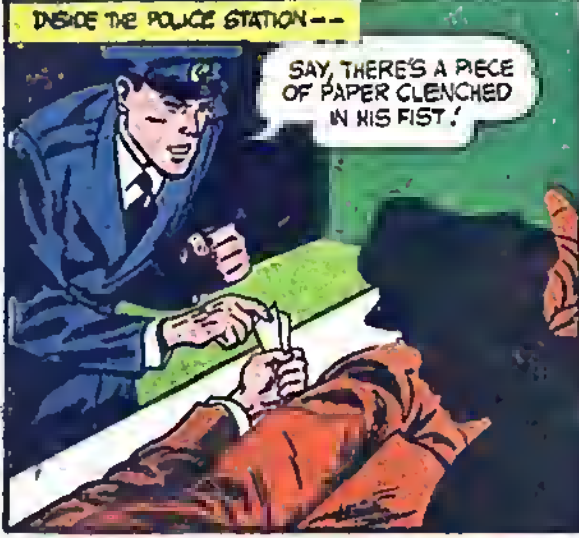
A BULLET-HOLE! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!!!!



Three police officers in blue uniforms are running towards a green car. One officer is holding a gun.

GET HIM INTO THE STATION-HOUSE, KIP! WE'LL HAVE TO CALL IN HOMICIDE ON THIS!

INSIDE THE POLICE STATION--



A police officer in a blue uniform is showing a piece of paper to a man in an orange suit who is sitting at a desk.


SAY, THERE'S A PIECE OF PAPER CLENCHED IN HIS FIST!



A man in a blue uniform is talking to a man in an orange suit who is sitting at a desk.

GREAT GHOSTS!


WHAT'S IN THAT NOTE, BURLAND?



A man in a blue uniform is talking to a man in an orange suit who is sitting at a desk.

LOOKS LIKE WE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO FINISH THAT NOTE! BUT, WHO IS JOHN? AND WHO'S THE CORPSE?

I DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER TO YOUR FIRST QUESTION, SARGE! BUT WE CAN PROBABLY FIND SOMETHING TO IDENTIFY HIM!!



A close-up of a piece of paper with text. The text is written in a cursive script.

JOHN---  
It's happened! The grand slam,  
or his ghost, is here. I saw it  
peering through the window, just a  
few seconds ago. It was no halluc-  
ination, I'm sure of it. I'm going  
to the police, at once! And although  
I know it's futile, it means death  
for both of us, under-----



AM, HERE IT IS—A  
WALLET! HENRY SIMPSON—  
ARCHAEOLOGIST!

OKAY! NOW,  
HOW'RE WE  
GOING TO  
FIND OUT  
WHO JOHN  
IS?

IF HE WAS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST, HE  
WAS BOUND TO HAVE GOTTEN INTO  
THE NEWSPAPERS, SO MAYBE  
BARBARA SUTTON CAN HELP  
US!

HELLO, KIP! WHAT SIMPSON,  
THE ARCHAEOLOGIST? HOLD ON,  
I'LL SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING ON  
HIM IN OUR MORGUE!

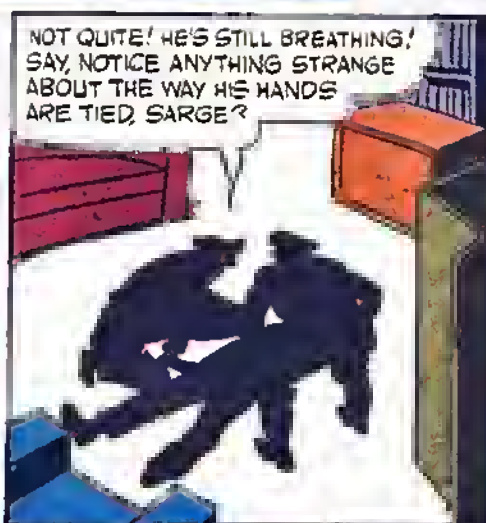
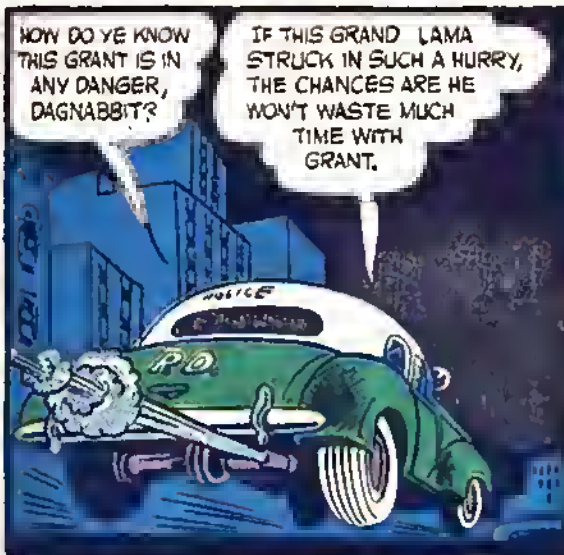
SELPIN—? SHARRON—? AH,  
HERE IT IS—HENRY SIMPSON!  
HM—M? THERE'S ANOTHER  
NAME ON HIS CARD!!

HELLO, KIP! ALL WE HAVE ON HIM,  
IS THAT HE RETURNED WITH A  
JOHN GRANT, FROM AN EXPEDITION  
FOUR YEARS AGO—YES—THERE'S AN  
ADDRESS ON GRANT!

HOTEL NORTHVILLE, EH? THANKS, BABS, YOU'VE  
TOLD ME ALL I WANT  
TO KNOW!

LET'S GO TO THE HOTEL NORTHVILLE—  
THERE ISN'T A SECOND TO  
LOSE, SARGE!







IT'S  
GONE!

I'M GLAD THE  
CURSED THING  
IS GONE! IF I  
HAD MY WAY, I'D  
HAVE RETURNED  
IT YEARS AGO!

WHAT'S ALL THESE  
SHENANIGANS  
ABOUT,  
ANYWAYS?

IT ALL STARTED FIVE YEARS AGO!  
SIMPSON AND I WERE ON AN EXPLOR-  
ING EXPEDITION IN TIBET! SOMEHOW,  
WE GOT SEPARATED FROM OUR  
PARTY IN THE LOFTY TIBETAN  
MOUNTAINS!

FOR DAYS WE WANDERED IN THOSE BITTER COLD HILLS.  
HITHERTO UNTOUCHED BY CIVILIZED MAN-WE WERE  
HOPELESSLY LOST!

IF WE CAN REACH THAT  
MOUNTAIN PEAK, JOHN, WE  
CAN SEE FOR MILES!

IT-IT'S OUR LAST  
HOPE, HENRY!

OUR HEARTS ALMOST BURSTING IN OUR CHESTS, WE  
ATTAINED THE SUMMIT, AND---

JOHN-A CITY-WE'RE  
SAVED!!!

HOW WE MANAGED TO CRAWL THE REST OF THE WAY  
INTO THE CITY, I'LL NEVER KNOW! BUT WE DID,  
BEFORE WE LOST CONSCIOUSNESS!



WHEN WE REGAINED OUR SENSES, I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LATER, IT WAS TO FIND OURSELVES IN A STRANGE ROOM, TENDED BY AN EVEN STRANGER PERSON!



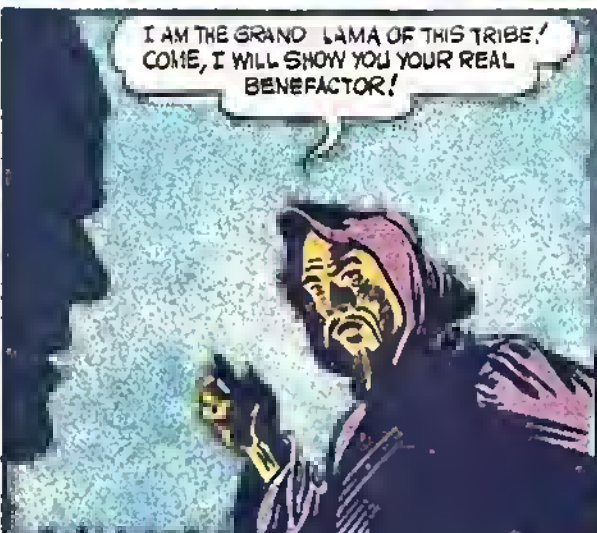
IT WAS WEEKS BEFORE WE RECOVERED! WE TRIED TO THANK OUR RESCUER-A TIBETAN MONK--

WE CAN NEVER REPAY YOU!

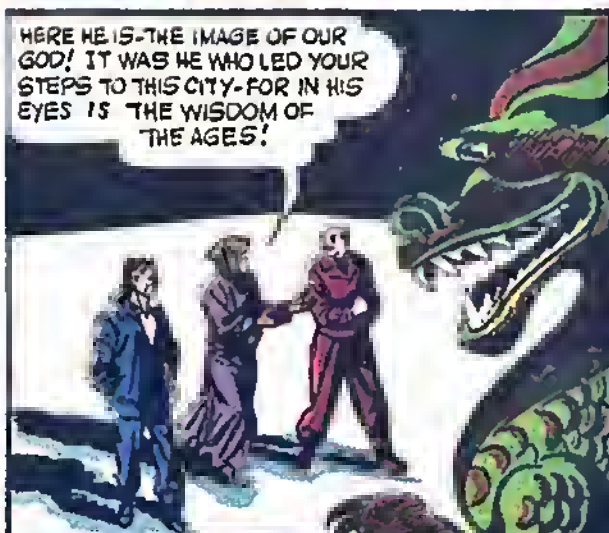
YOU OWE ME NOTHING-THE CREED OF OUR TRIBE IS- 'MERCY AND PEACE'!



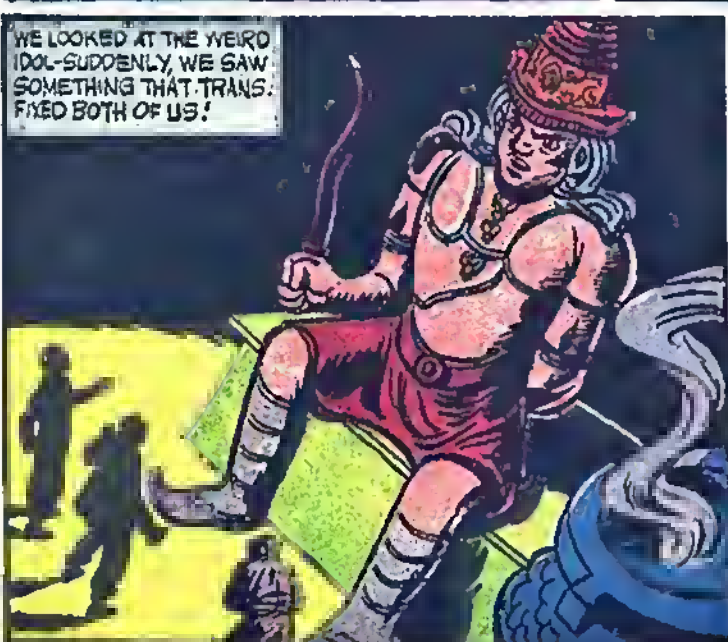
I AM THE GRAND LAMA OF THIS TRIBE! COME, I WILL SHOW YOU YOUR REAL BENEFACTOR!



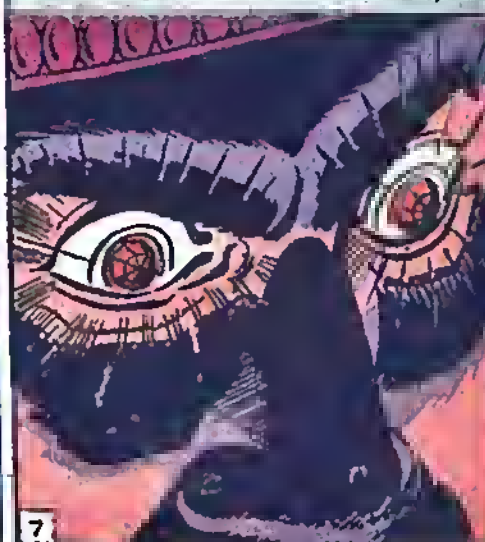
HERE HE IS-THE IMAGE OF OUR GOD! IT WAS HE WHO LED YOUR STEPS TO THIS CITY-FOR IN HIS EYES IS THE WISDOM OF THE AGES!



WE LOOKED AT THE WEIRD IDOL-SUDDENLY, WE SAW SOMETHING THAT TRANS- FIXED BOTH OF US!



THE EYES OF THE IDOL WERE MADE OF BLOOD-RED RUBIES! THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GEMS WE HAD EVER SEEN!





HENRY WENT MAD!! PULLED OUT HIS GUN-AND BEFORE I COULD DO A THING, SHOT THE LAMA!----

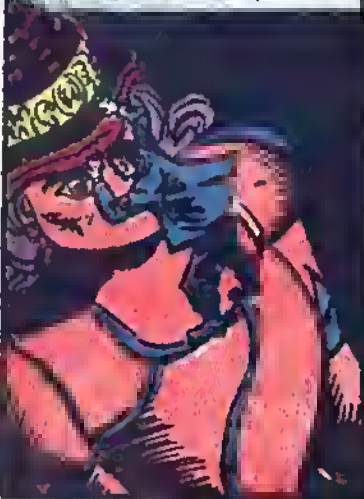


HENRY, YOU FOOL--  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE?

I'VE GOT TO HAVE  
THOSE RUBIES!



FINALLY, HE CLIMBED UP THE  
POOL AND HACKED, AND GOUGED AT  
THE PRECIOUS EYES!



LOOK AT THEM,  
JOHN-A KING'S  
RANSOM!!

WE'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT OF  
HERE, OR WE'LL  
NEVER LIVE TO  
ENJOY  
THEM!

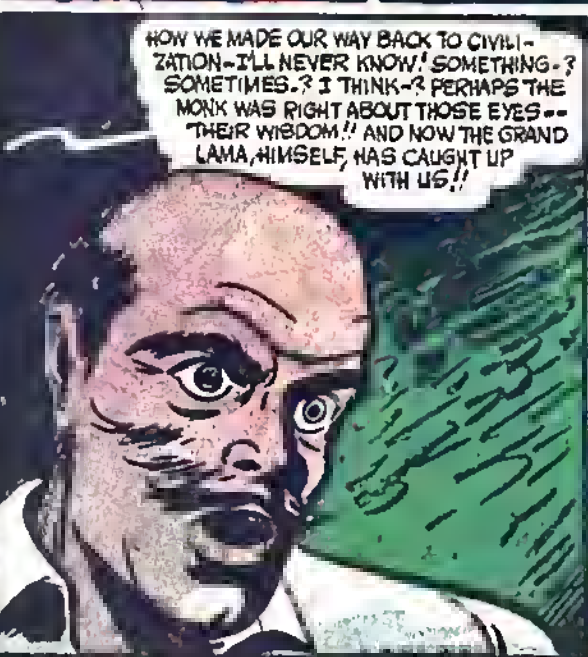


-BUT, AS WE FLED---

A CURSE ON YOU! MY SPIRIT WILL  
FOLLOW YOU WHEREVER YOU  
GO-UNTIL THE EYES ARE RE-  
TURNED TO MY GOD, AND  
YOUR TREACHERY



HOW WE MADE OUR WAY BACK TO CIVILI-  
ZATION-I'LL NEVER KNOW! SOMETHING-?  
SOMETIMES-? I THINK-? PERHAPS THE  
MONK WAS RIGHT ABOUT THOSE EYES--  
THEIR WISDOM!! AND NOW THE GRAND  
LAMA, HIMSELF, HAS CAUGHT UP  
WITH US!!



NOW, WAIT A MINUTE-YOU DON'T EXPECT  
US TO BELIEVE A CURSE KILLED SIMPSON?  
-AND ALMOST GOT YOU?







IM JUST TELLING YOU  
WHAT HAPPENED,  
SERGEANT!

WELL, IF YOU  
WANT POLICE  
PROTECTION-?

NO THANKS! WITH THE SACRED  
RUBIES GONE, MY LIFE IS NO  
LONGER IN DANGER!



ER-I'D BETTER STICK  
AROUND ANYWAY, SARGE!  
JUST IN CASE...

YEAH-I'LL GO BACK AND  
SEE WHAT HOMICIDE HAS  
TO REPORT!



NOW, LET'S COMPARE THIS TYPEWRITTEN  
NOTE I SWIPE FROM GRANT'S DESK,  
WITH THE ONE IN SIMPSON'S  
HAND!



WHILE BACK IN GRANT'S APARTMENT-...

EVERYTHING WORKED  
PERFECTLY! NOW THEY'RE  
BOTH MINE!



LOOK AT THEM! THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL GEMS IN THE WORLD!  
FOR YEARS, I'VE PLOTTED HOW  
TO GET THEM-AT LAST I'VE  
SUCCEEDED, AND NOBODY  
CAN SUSPECT!



YOU'RE WRONG, GRANT,  
ONE PERSON DOES  
SUSPECT!



TH-THE  
BLACK  
HOOD!



VERY CLEVER--HANGING YOURSELF  
JUST BEFORE THE POLICE CAME--  
IN TIME TO CUT YOU  
DOWN!!

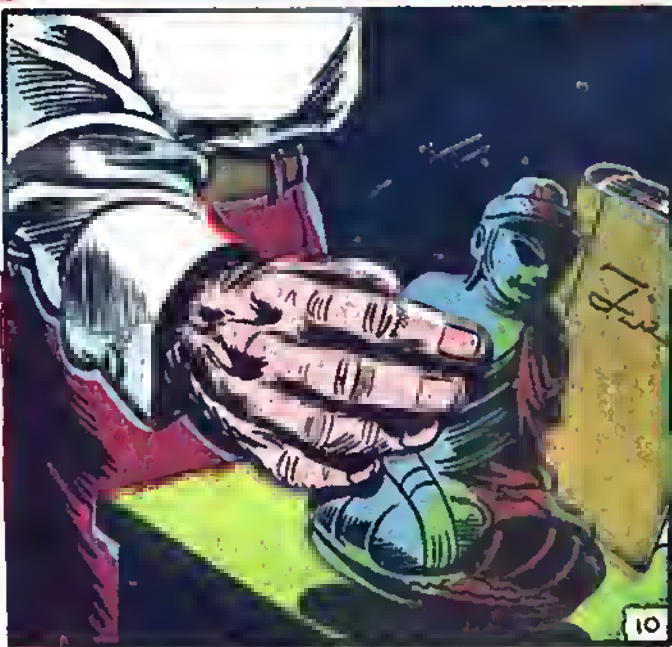


UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, MY  
FRIEND, BURLAND, IS ALSO  
FAMILIAR WITH THE TRICK OF  
TIEING YOUR HANDS BEHIND  
YOUR OWN BACK!

YOU-YOU  
CAN'T PROVE  
A THING!



OH, YES WE CAN! PERHAPS YOU DIDN'T KNOW  
THAT NO TWO TYPEWRITERS ARE ALIKE--JUST  
LIKE HANDWRITING!! THAT NOTE IN SIMPSON'S  
HAND CAME FROM YOUR TYPEWRITER---  
YOU MURDERED  
SIMPSON!!!







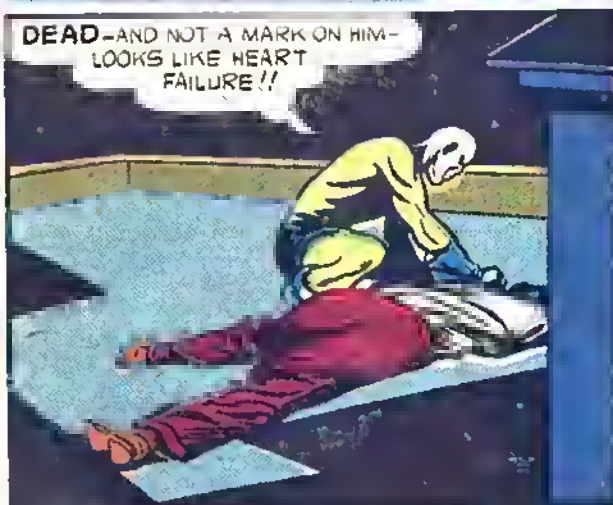




YOU ALMOST  
GOT ME THAT  
TIME, MY FRIEND!  
BUT YOU WON'T  
GET A SECOND  
CHANCE!



GOOD LAND!!



DEAD-AND NOT A MARK ON HIM-  
LOOKS LIKE HEART  
FAILURE!!

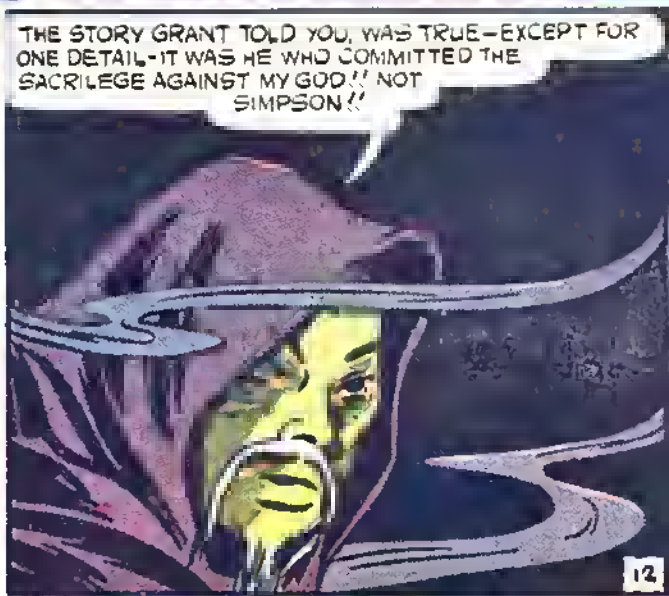


BUT WHAT COULD HE HAVE SEEN,  
THAT FRIGHTENED HIM TO  
DEATH? GRANT WAS ANY-  
THING BUT THE WEAK-  
HEARTED  
TYPE!



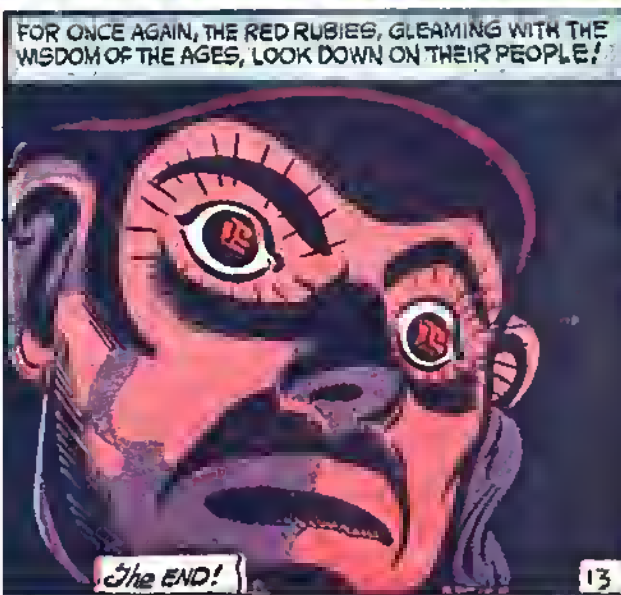
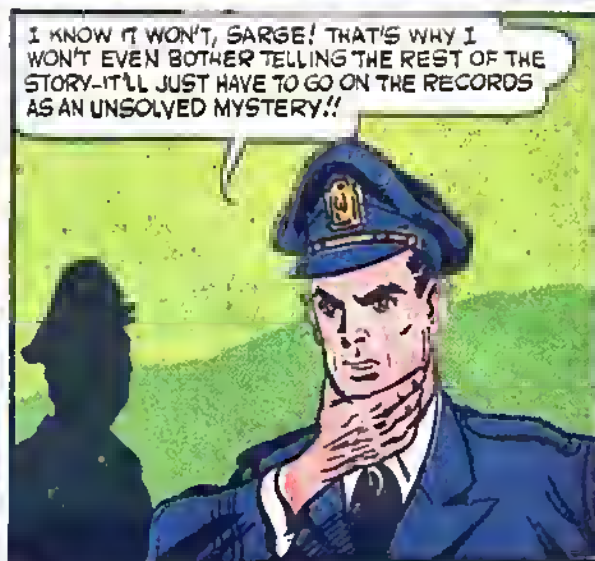
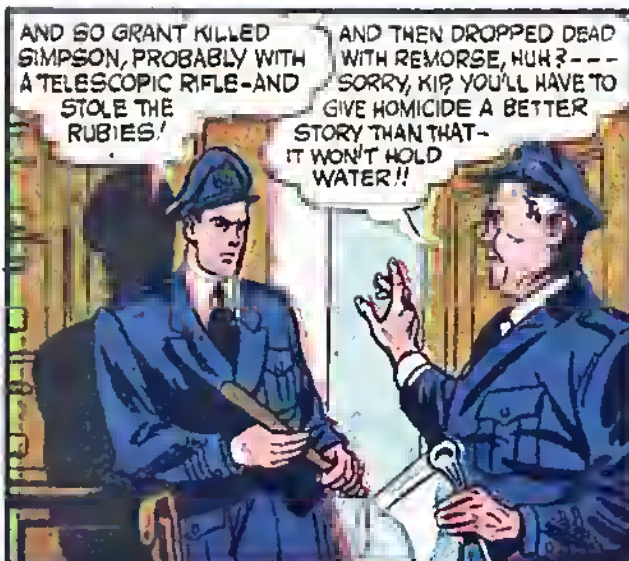
PERHAPS HE SAW JUSTICE,  
BLACK HOOD!

WHA-?



THE STORY GRANT TOLD YOU, WAS TRUE-EXCEPT FOR  
ONE DETAIL-IT WAS HE WHO COMMITTED THE  
SACRILEGE AGAINST MY GOD!! NOT  
SIMPSON!!







# LET'S PLAY

# DETECTIVE

CAN YOU READ THE CROOK'S CRYPTIC NOTE WHICH LED TO HIS CAPTURE?

----- AT THE ----- NEAR  
THE ----- ON REED ST. AND  
PICK UP THE STOLEN ----- OF  
GOLD, THEY'RE -----



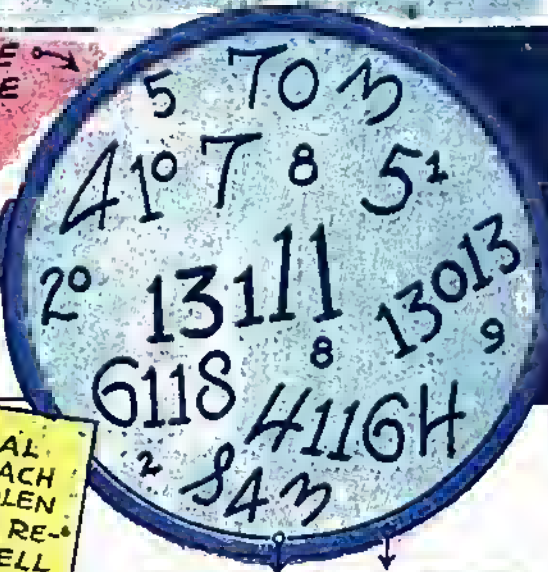
TO DO SO YOU MUST FILL IN THE BLANK SPACES WITH FIVE FOUR-LETTER WORDS, EACH OF WHICH MAY BE SPELLED WITH THE LETTERS "OSPT."

IF YOU LOOK CAREFULLY AT THESE NUMBERS YOU MAY UNCOVER THE FIRST NAMES OF A GANG OF...



SEVEN NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS CAUGHT BY THE BLACK HOOD.

CAN YOU DETECT ALL SEVEN NAMES?



TAKE THE INITIAL LETTERS OF EACH OF THESE 5 STOLEN ARTICLES... TRY TO RE-ARRANGE THEM TO SPELL ANOTHER ARTICLE WHICH WAS ALSO ROBBED.

SIX MEN WERE INVOLVED IN A CRIME. IF YOU PRINT THE TWO CORRECT FIRST NAMES IN THE BOXES, READING DOWNWARD, THE COMBINED LETTERS WILL SPELL FOUR NAMES READING ACROSS.

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		E		B
D O		A		D

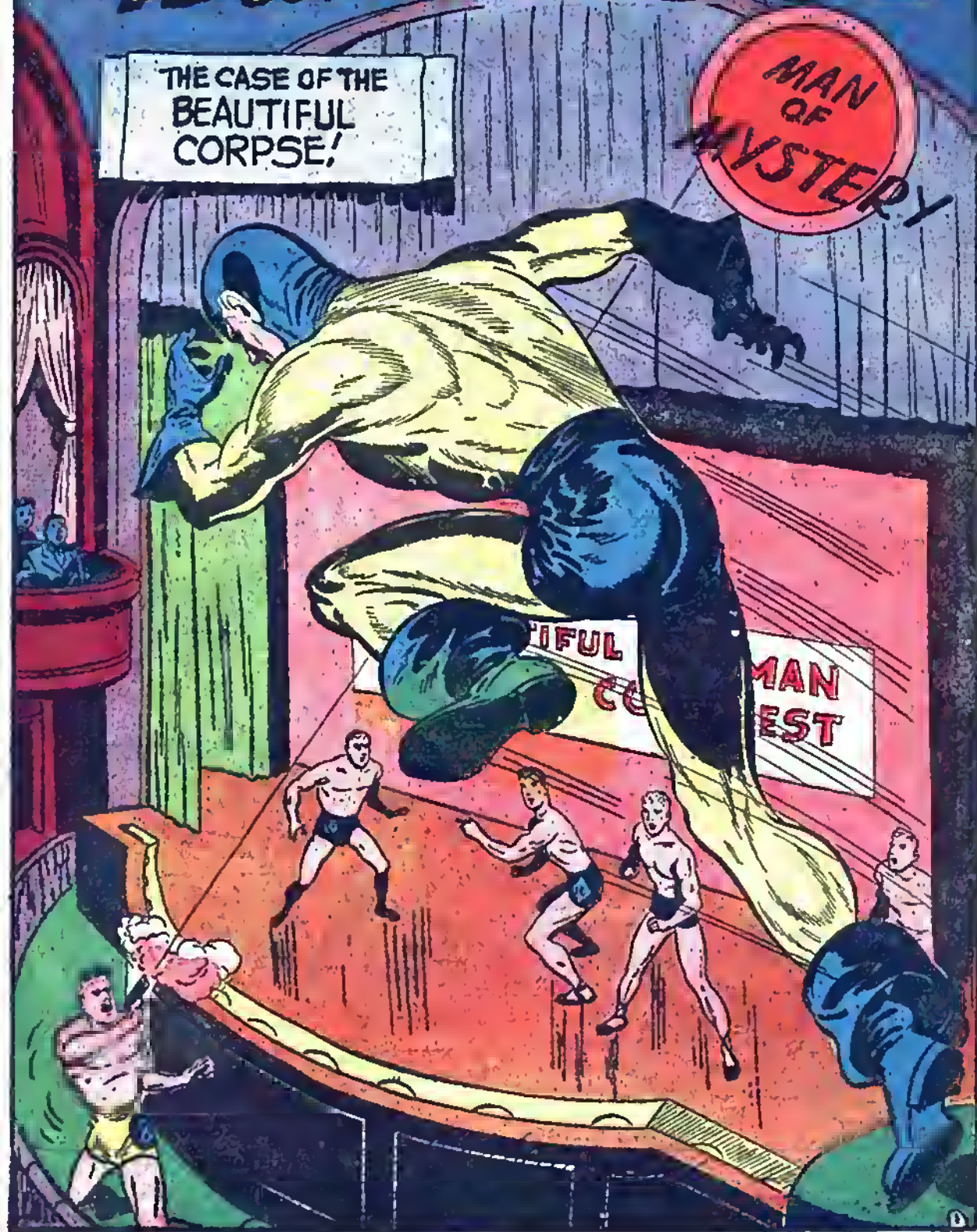
**SOLUTIONS:**  
MISSING WORDS: STOP, SPOT, HUG AND SAM.  
THE INITIALS OF WHIP, AXE, TIE, CAP AND HOLLY WILL SPELL WATCH.  
JOHN AND EARL WILL COMPLETE JOE.  
NUMBER NAMES: TOM, ART, BILL, BOB, GUS, HUGH AND SAM.  
RONALD, HERB AND DONALD.



# The Black HOOD

THE CASE OF THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
CORPSE!

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY







WHILE IN THE HIDEOUT OF THE NOTORIOUS "PRETTY BOY" FRAWLEY!

NOT BAD! THOSE PLASTIC  
SURGEONS DID A REAL JOB!  
MY NEW FACE LOOKS BETTER  
THAN THE OLD ONE!



I'M GOING TO ENTER THAT MR. AMERICA CONTEST! WE  
COULD USE THOSE 25 G'S TO TIDE US OVER  
BEFORE WE PULL OUR NEXT JOB!

YOU'RE KIDDIN',  
PRETTY  
BOY!



WHO SAYS  
SO?



I'LL WIN, ALL RIGHT! PRETTY BOY  
FRAWLEY DOESN'T TAKE ANY  
CHANCES! THAT TWENTY FIVE  
GRAND IS AS GOOD AS IN  
MY POCKET!



AND IN PRECINCT 71-----

YOU'RE GOING TO COVER THAT  
MR. AMERICA CONTEST,  
KIP BURLAND! AND I  
DON'T WANT ANY  
MORE BACK TALK!



PLAYING NURSEMAID TO  
A LOT OF MUSCULAR,  
MALE BEAUTIES! WHAT'S  
THE WORLD COMING TO?

LATER--

**MOST BEAUTIFUL MALE  
CONTEST \$25,000 PRIZE**

YOU'RE HIRAM  
ROBBINS, SPONSOR  
OF THIS CONTEST,  
AREN'T YOU?



YEP, THAT'S  
MY BRAIN-  
CHILD, ALL  
RIGHT!



WHAT'S THE ANGLE  
ON THIS STUNT, ROBBINS -  
PUBLICITY?

RIGHT-I CONVINCED TH' CHAMBER  
OF COMMERCE IT WOULD PUT  
NORTHVILLE ON THE MAP-LIKE  
THOSE BEAUTY CONTESTS DID  
FOR ATLANTIC CITY!

I'LL SEE HOW THE VOTING ON MR. AMERICA IS  
COMING! THE CONTEST IS BEING SCREENED  
BY TELEVISION, AND PEOPLE ALL OVER THE  
COUNTRY ARE  
ALLOWED TO  
VOTE!

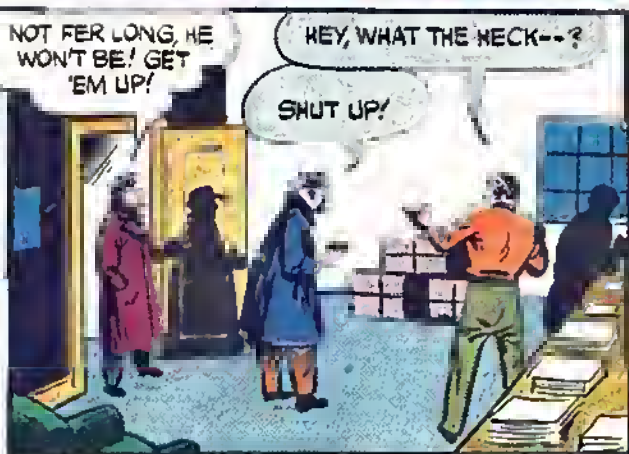
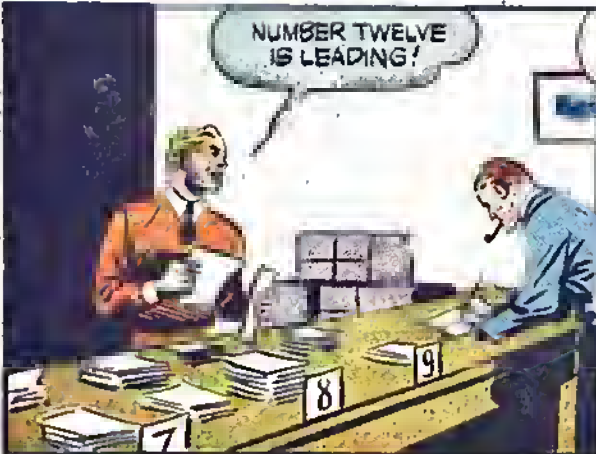


NUMBER TWELVE  
IS LEADING!

NOT FER LONG, HE  
WON'T BE! GET  
'EM UP!

HEY, WHAT THE HECK--?

SHUT UP!



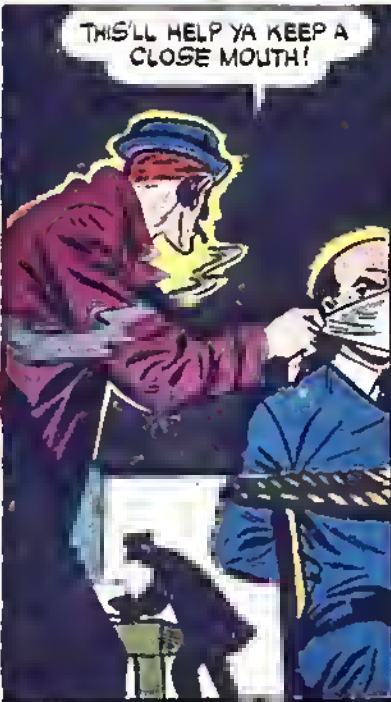
THIS'LL HELP YA KEEP A  
CLOSE MOUTH!

BUT PATROLMAN BURLAND IN  
HIS WANDERINGS, IS ATTRACTED  
BY THE NOISES TO THE  
DOOR OF THE POLLING ROOM--

WELL, WELL, AN UNEXPECTED  
JOB FOR THE  
**BLACK HOOD!**

HELLO, BOYS!  
I'D LIKE TO  
REGISTER  
MY VOTE!

GULP--THE  
**BLACK HOOD!**





ONE VOTE COMING UP!

IM STUFFING THE  
BALLOT-BOX TODAY!  
VOTE NUMBER  
TWO



COME ON, LET'S BEAT  
IT BEFORE HE  
COMES TO!

GONE-GUESS I WAS ELECTED  
TO BE THE FALL GUY THAT  
TIME!

WHAT WERE THOSE HOODLUMS UP  
TO, ANYWAY? HM-M-THERE'S A RAFT  
OF VOTES HERE THEY JUST STUCK IN  
FOR CONTESANT #8! I WONDER  
WHY?

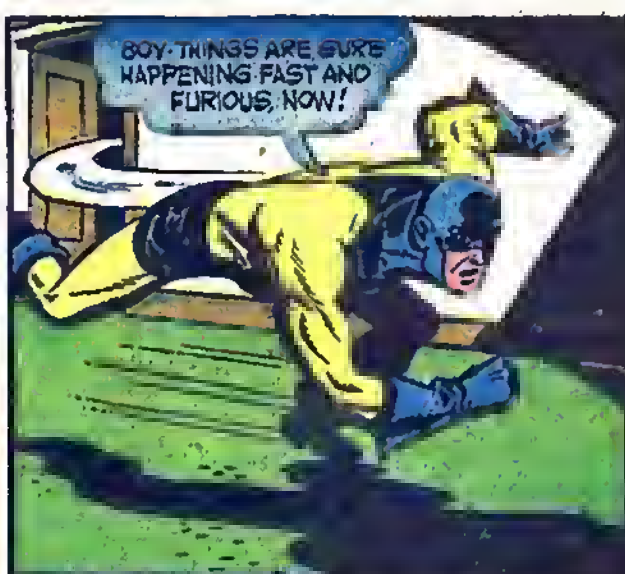






WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE GUN SHOTS!

BANG-BANG-BANG!



BOY THINGS ARE GURE HAPPENING FAST AND FURIOUS, NOW!



ROBBINS! WHAT HAPPENED?

GULP. IT'S CONTESTANT NUMBER TWELVE! HE'S BEEN SHOT!



I WAS IN THE NEXT ROOM, WHEN I HEARD THE SHOTS!

DEAD AS A DOOR NAIL! LOOKS LIKE THIS CONTEST OF YOURS IS GOING TO GET MORE PUBLICITY THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR!



BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL #12? HE WAS THE MOST POPULAR ENTRY!

THAT MIGHT BE EXACTLY THE REASON HE WAS KILLED!



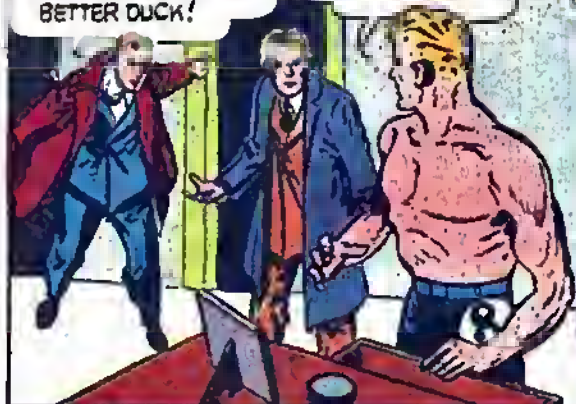
LOOK, ROBBINS, THAT COP BURLAND, HE'S-ER-A VERY CLOSE FRIEND OF MINE! I WANT YOU TO ENTER HIS NAME IN THE CONTEST-BETWEEN US, WE MAY GET A CLUE TO THE KILLER'S IDENTITY!



MEANWHILE- IN THE DRESSING ROOM OF CONTESTANT #8

THE HOOD'S WISE TO US,  
PRETTY BOY! WE HAD  
BETTER DUCK!

HOOD OR NO HOOD,  
I'M STICKIN'!



IF I CAN'T GET THAT 25  
GRAND ONE WAY, I'LL GET  
IT ANOTHER- IF YOU KNOW  
WHAT I MEAN!

YOU'RE THE BRAINS,  
PRETTY BOY! JUST  
TELL US WHAT TO DO  
AND WE'LL  
DO IT!



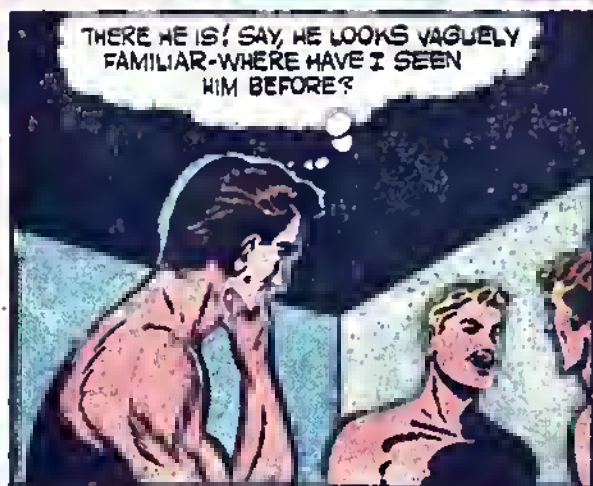
LATER, A NEW CONTESTANT TAKE HIS PLACE BACKSTAGE--

BOY, I FEEL SILLY AS HECK, DOING  
THIS, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN  
STUDY THESE GUYS WITHOUT  
AROUSING

FIRST GUY I WANT  
TO SEE IS #8!



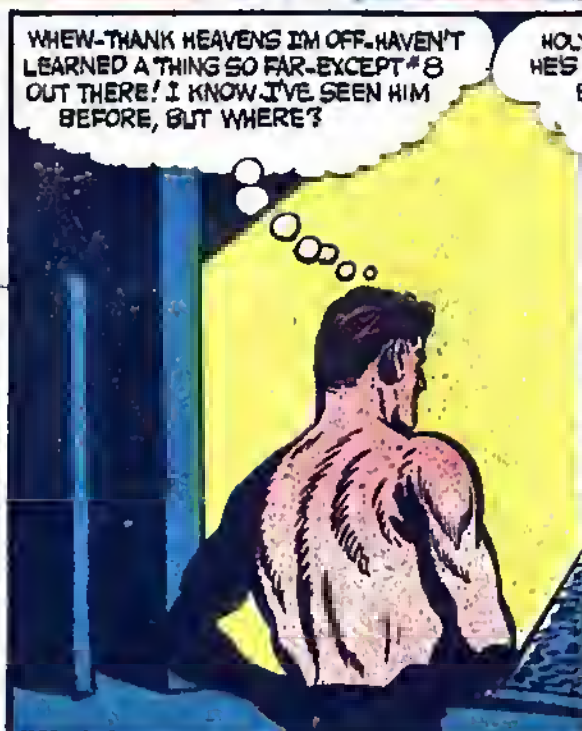
THERE HE IS! SAY, HE LOOKS VAGUELY  
FAMILIAR-WHERE HAVE I SEEN  
HIM BEFORE?



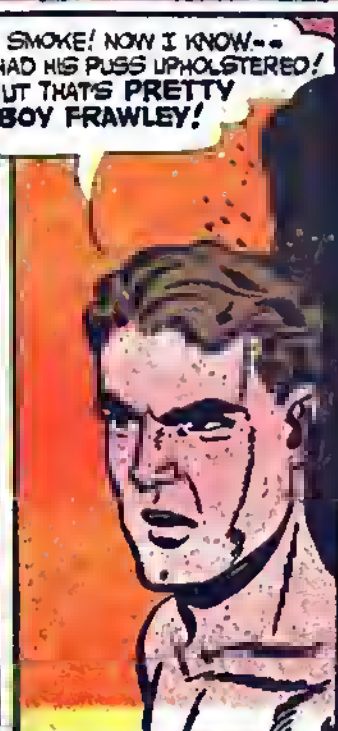
ON STAGE, EVERY-  
BODY! FINAL ROUND OF  
THE CONTEST COMING  
UP!



WHEW-THANK HEAVENS I'M OFF-HAVEN'T  
LEARNED A THING SO FAR-EXCEPT #8  
OUT THERE! I KNOW I'VE SEEN HIM  
BEFORE, BUT WHERE?



HOLY SMOKE! NOW I KNOW--  
HE'S HAD HIS PUSS UPHOLSTERED!  
BUT THAT'S PRETTY  
BOY FRAWLEY!

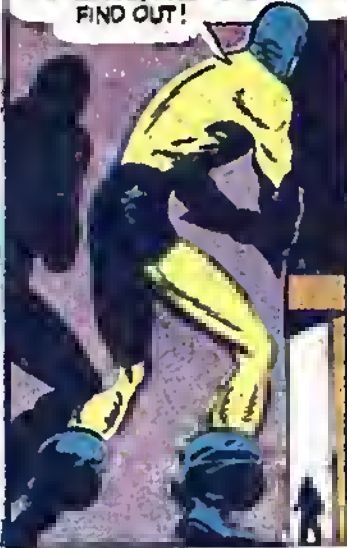




THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO  
ADD UP! NOW I KNOW WHY  
THOSE THUGS WERE  
STUFFING THE  
BALLOT BOX!



BUT I THOUGHT FRAWLEY WAS  
TOO SMART FOR MURDER! WELL,  
THE **BLACK HOOD'S** GONNA  
FIND OUT!



MEANWHILE, ROBBINS APPEARS ON-STAGE  
TO PRESENT THE WINNER'S AWARD!

PATIENCE, FOLKS! WE'LL HAVE THE WINNER,  
**MR. AMERICA**, FOR YOU IN A MOMENT!  
THE VOTES ARE BEING TALLIED UP  
RIGHT NOW!



WE'LL SAVE YOU THE  
TROUBLE! HAND OVER  
THE DOUGH!

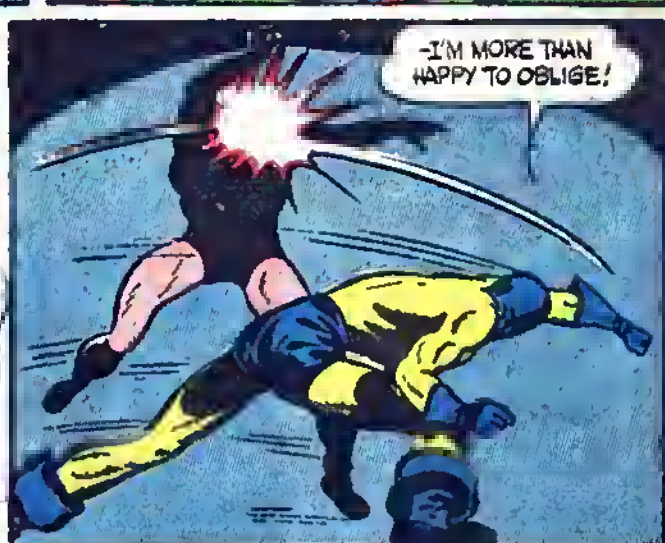
WHAT TH--A  
ROBBERY!



JUST A MINUTE, BOYS! I'VE  
GOT SOMETHING TO SAY  
ABOUT THAT!







UH-HERE YOU ARE, ROBBINS!  
I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE  
ANYTHING MORE TO WORRY  
ABOUT!

YES, THANKS, HOOD!  
I-AH-BETTER TAKE  
THIS TO MY ROOM  
A WHILE!

BLAST HIM! IF ONLY HE HADN'T INTERFERED,  
FRAWLEY WOULD'VE GOTTEN AWAY, AND I'D  
HAVE BEEN IN THE CLEAR!

ONLY THING LEFT FOR ME TO  
DO, IS BURN THE DOUGH-AND  
GET RID OF MY GUN! THEN I'LL  
LEAVE TOWN!

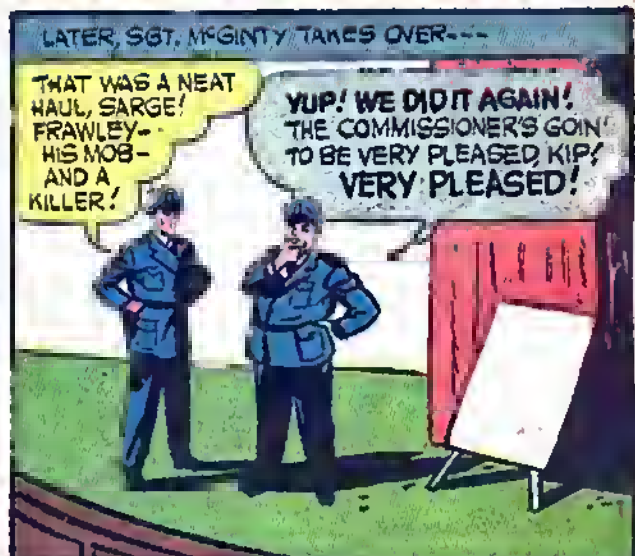
ULP!

A NEAT, LITTLE SCHEME, ROBBINS/  
AND IT MIGHT HAVE WORKED, IF I  
HADN'T SPOTTED THAT  
**COUNTERFEIT**  
**MONEY!!**

OKAY, SMART GUY! SURE  
I MURDERED HIM-BUT IT  
WON'T DO YOU NO GOOD  
TO KNOW,  
'CAUSE--

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK !!!





HEY, KIDS, HERE'S TERRIFIC

**NEWS!**

# Archie

AND HIS GANG are  
on the **AIR**



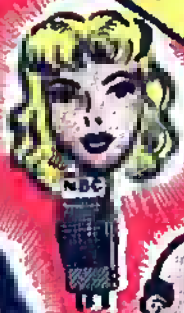
You SEE them in your favorite comics  
Now **HEAR** them on your

**FAVORITE NBC STATION**  
**EVERY SATURDAY**

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY  
*Beginning June 2nd*  
**10:00-10:30 AM.**

E.W.T.

What a treat! Now you can hear the whole gang  
IN PERSON — Archie, Jughead, Betty, Veronica  
and the Andrews Family. Look up your local  
N.B.C. radio station and keep your date with  
Archie Andrews and his gang every Sat-  
urday morning from 10:00 to 10:30 a.m.  
(E.W.T.). Have the time of your life  
listening to their adventures. **SOME**  
**ADVENTURES! SOME FUN!** And  
say, will you do Archie a  
real favor? Write and tell  
him how you like him and  
his gang on the air—  
will you? Thank!





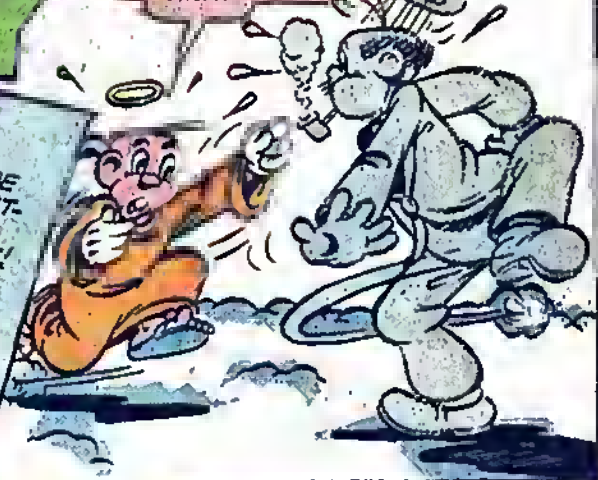
# GLOOMY GUS

THE  
HOMELESS GHOST  
AND HIS ANGELIC PAL  
**GABBY**

BY  
"RED"  
HOLDALE

GLOOMY GUS MADE  
THE BOAST-  
THAT HE LOVED TO  
BE A GHOST!  
HE'S LOOKING FOR A  
BODY-ROOMY!  
NOT FINDING ANY KEEPS  
HIM GLOOMY!

HEY, GUS-ST PETE  
WANTS US, RIGHT  
AWAY!



YEAH-THAT'S RIGHT-I GOT  
TWO PROSPECTS  
FOR YOU!

SAY NO MORE-TELL US  
WHERE TO FIND 'EM!

AN' WE'LL  
BE OFF!



NOT SO FAST, BOYS! THIS'LL BE A  
TEMPORARY SETUP FOR YOU-TWO  
WEEKS-MORE OR LESS OF  
A VACATION!



TWO WEEKS? I KNEW  
IT WAS TOO GOOD  
TO LAST!

WELL, IF YOU DON'T WANT  
IT? I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE  
TO BE MILLIONAIRES ANWHILE,  
THAT'S ALL!



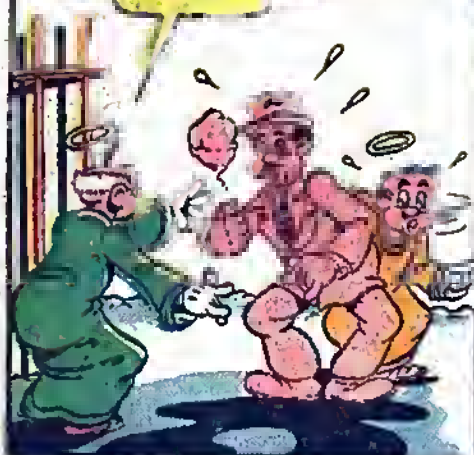
MILLIONAIRES?  
GIVE THE STUFF,  
PETE!

I KNEW THAT'D  
GET YOU  
GUYS!





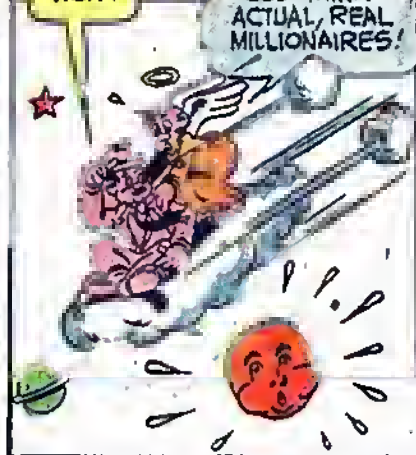
-THE TYCOONS, PERCY GOLDSMITH AND JIMMY SILVERS ARE HOVERING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH--



IT'S NECESSARY T' HAVE SUBSTITUTES FOR THEM-- SO PEOPLE WON'T START A STOCK MARKET PANIC!



MAYBE THESE GUYS'LL KICK THE BUCKET AN' WE'LL BE SET FOR GOOD-HUH?



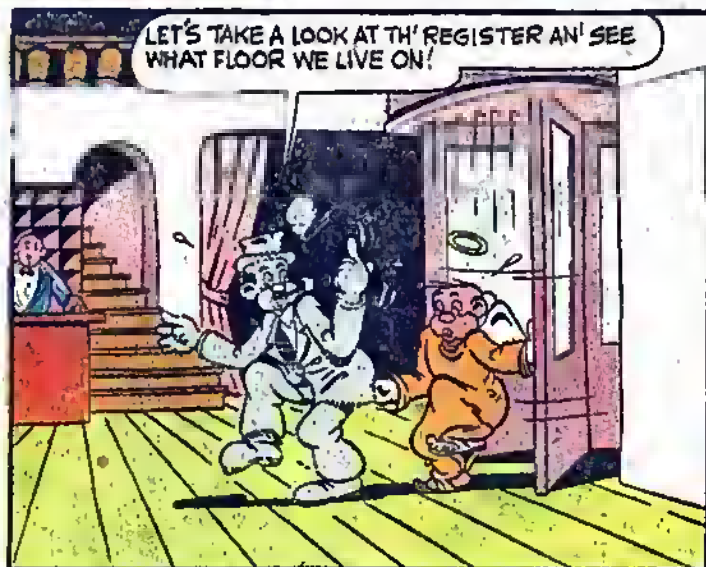
JUS' THINK-- ACTUAL, REAL MILLIONAIRES!

HE SAID TH' ADDRESS WAS TH' RITZ HOTEL!

BOY-- WOTTA JOINT!



LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT TH' REGISTER AN' SEE WHAT FLOOR WE LIVE ON!



THAT'S IT--

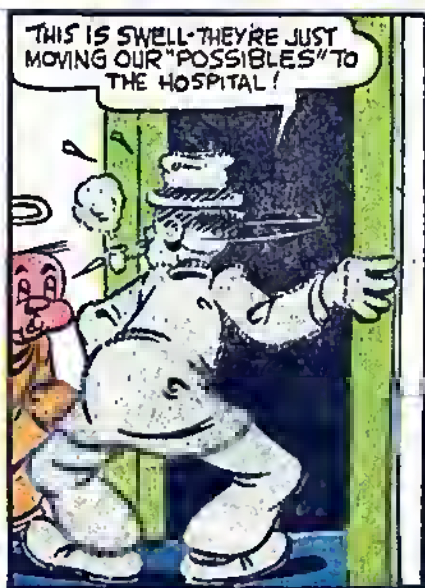
WOW--THE PENTHOUSE!



THAT'S IT-- DOWN TH' HALL--



THIS IS SWELL--THEY'RE JUST MOVING OUR "POSSIBLES" TO THE HOSPITAL!



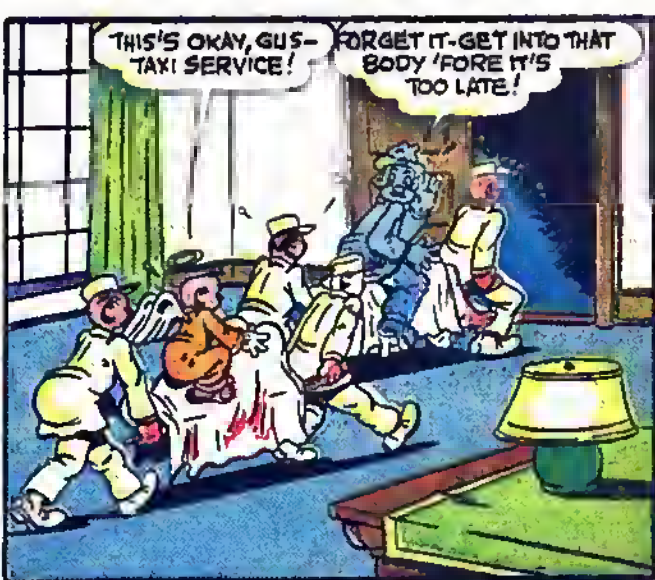


C'MON, WOTTA WE WAITING FOR?  
WE BETTER GET  
MOVIN'!



THIS'S OKAY, GUS-  
TAXI SERVICE!

FORGET IT-GET INTO THAT  
BODY 'FORE IT'S  
TOO LATE!



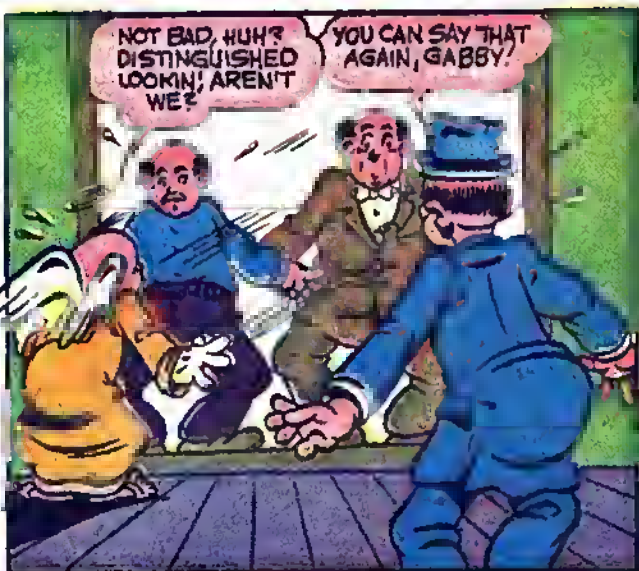
I GOT MINE-N' IT'S A  
GOOD FIT,  
TOO!

MINE TOO! LET'S TAKE  
A LOOK AT OURSELVES!



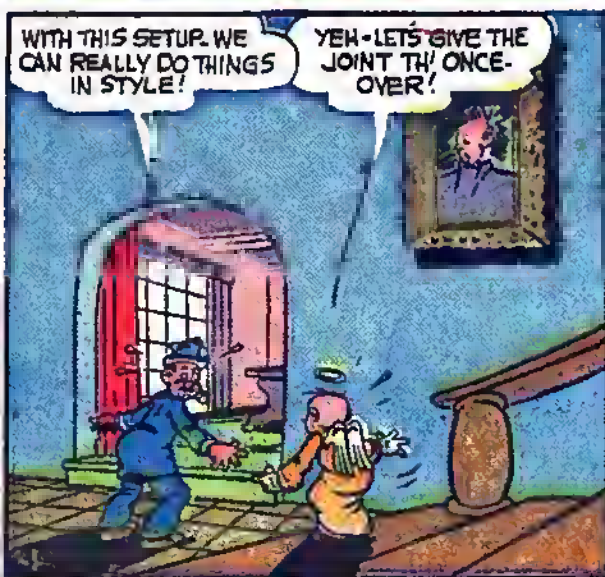
NOT BAD, HUH?  
DISTINGUISHED  
LOOKIN', AREN'T  
WE?

YOU CAN SAY THAT  
AGAIN, GABBY!



WITH THIS SETUP, WE  
CAN REALLY DO THINGS  
IN STYLE!

YEH-LET'S GIVE THE  
JOINT TH' ONCE-  
OVER!

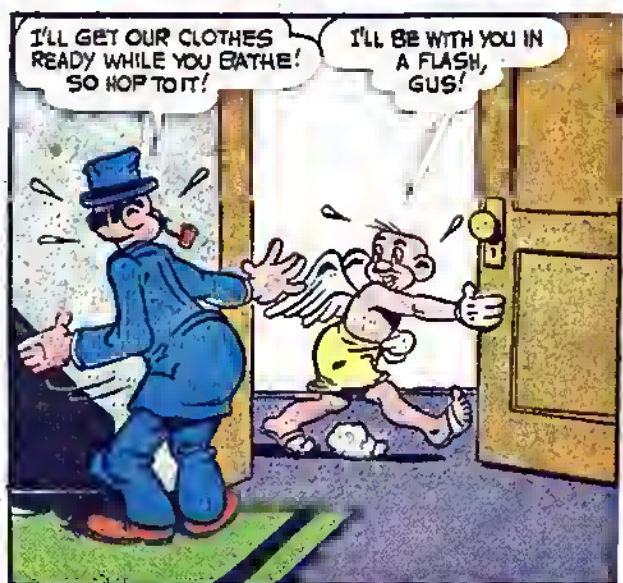
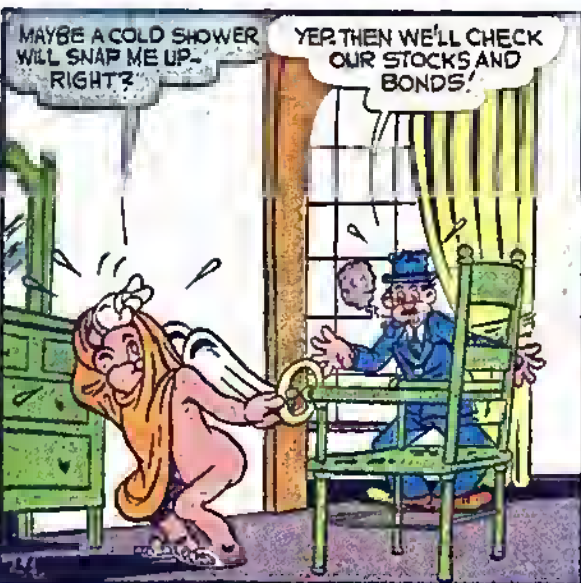
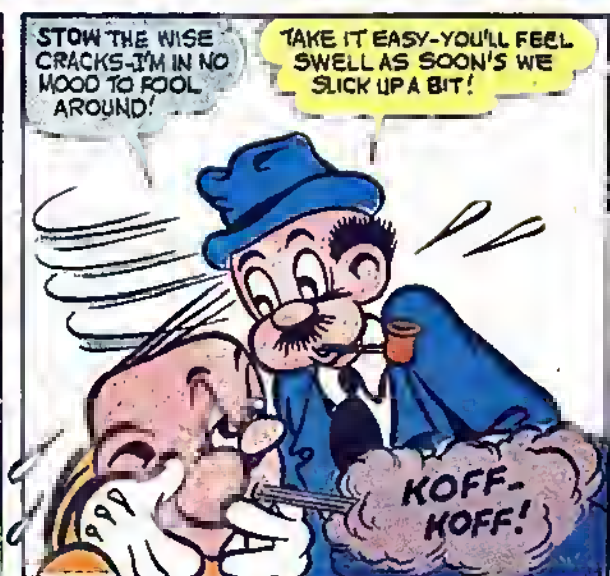
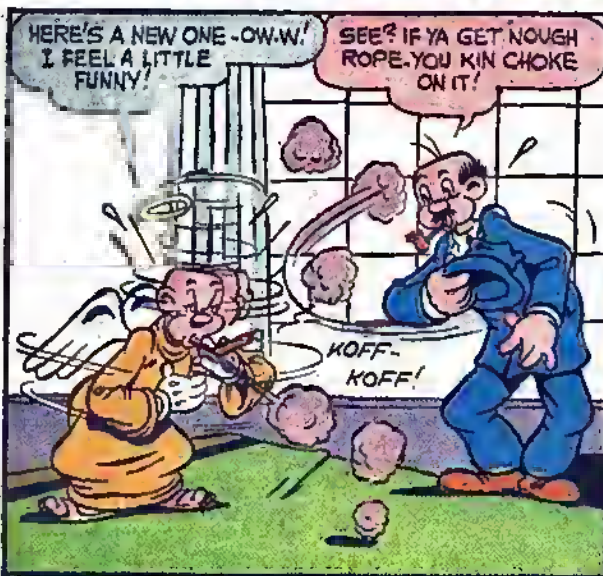


WOTTA JOINT! EVERYTHING  
'AT MAKES LIFE WORTH  
LIVING.

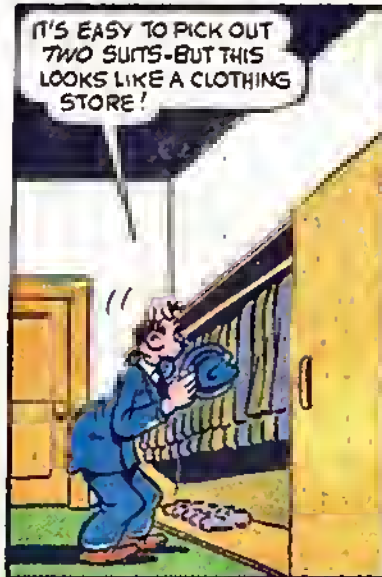
CIGARS, TOO!











IT'S EASY TO PICK OUT TWO SUITS-BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE A CLOTHING STORE!



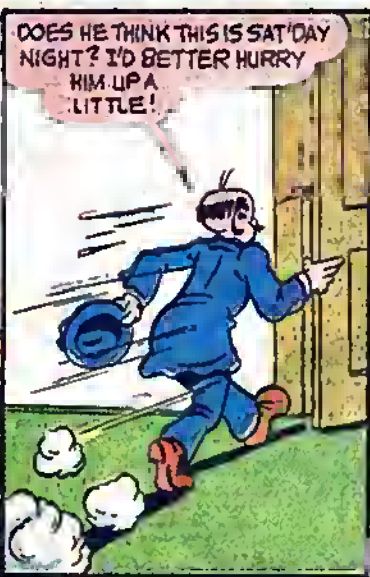
'SNO USE-TH' ONLY WAY IS TO TRUST TO LUCK-EENEY-MEENIE, MINEY, MOE!



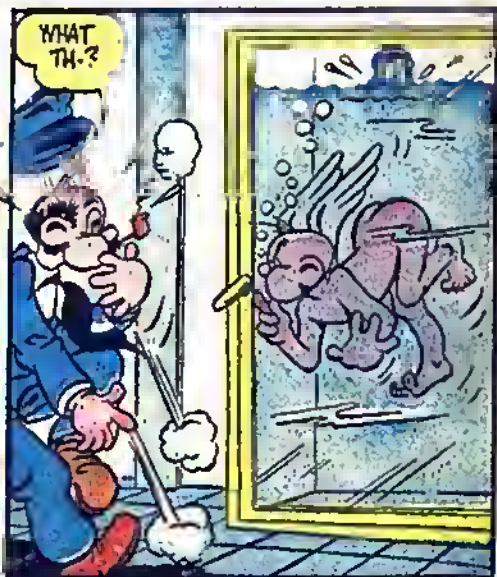
-A LITTLE WILD, BUT IT MAY PEP GABBY UP A BIT!



HE'S TAKIN' A LONG TIME-HEY, GABBY. HURRY UP, WILL YA?



DOES HE THINK THIS IS SAT'DAY NIGHT? I'D BETTER HURRY HIM UP A LITTLE!



WHAT TH-?



WOSSA IDEA OF TRYIN' T' DROWN YOURSELF?



DON'T BE A DRIP! GET DRESSED 'N' WE'LL SPEND SOME OF THE MONEY WE'RE S'POSED TO HAVE!

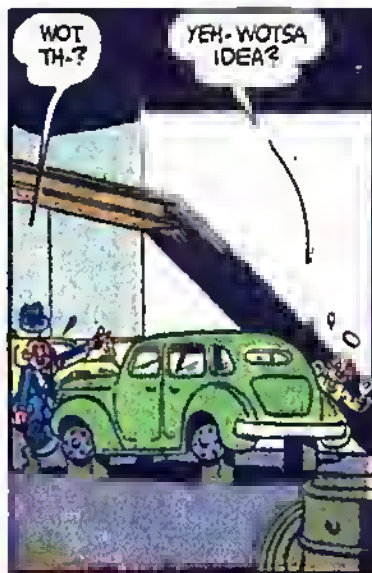
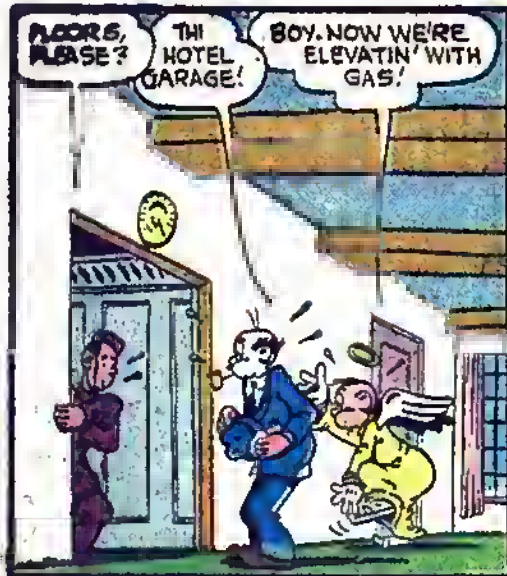
IT'S ABOUT TIME WE GOT 'ROUND TO THAT!



WE KIN GO SHOPPING IN OUR LIMOUSINES, CAN'T WE?

SURE, WE'RE RICH, AREN'T WE?





FINIS



# A NICKEL'S WORTH OF MURDER

## A BLACK HOOD STORY

**O**FFICER Kip Burland was patrolling his midnight beat. It was very quiet. Curfew was sending most of the citizenry to bed at a much earlier hour, and to Kip's way of thinking, a very good idea. If more people went to sleep earlier, there'd be a lot less trouble. But patrolman Burland's peace was not to remain undisturbed for long. A figure suddenly hurtled out of the doorway of one of the houses on the street, and ran smack into him. The impact was so great he had to hang on to keep from falling.

"Whoa, mister. This is no time of the night to be chasing around that way," Kip said good-naturedly.

"Officer. Something terrible has happened to Mr. Collins," the guy babbled. "I . . . I think he's killed himself."

"Take it easy, will you. Who's Mr. Collins? Who are you? Count ten and start making sense."

"My name is Jordan. Robert Jordan. Mr. Collins is my employer. I'm his chief bookkeeper. Mr. Collins asked me to

work late tonight to straighten out his books."

"Whst's all this got to do with Mr. Collins committing suicide?"

"I'm coming to that," Jordan said. He was still breathing heavily. "He told me to call him up no matter what the hour, when I got through. I forgot all about calling him till I got home. Then I called him. He didn't seem at all interested in what I was saying. Instead he told me to hold the wire. Soon I heard a shot. And that's about all, I guess."

"That's enough," said Kip. "Come on. We're going over to Collins' place."

In a short while, Kip and Jordan were at Collins' door. It was locked from the outside. Kip placed his shoulder against it, and heaved heavily. There was a splintering sound as it gave way.

Kip almost fell over the body stretched out on the floor in the foyer. The phone was off the hook, and dangling from its wire. He examined the body carefully, and removed the gun from the stiff fingers with a

handkerchief. Then he went over to the phone, looked at it for a while, turned to Jordan and said, "that's a funny exchange for this neighborhood. Did Mr. Collins give you his phone number when he asked you to call?"

"Why, no. Funny he didn't, now that you mention it. I guess he forgot. I got it through information."

"Hm . . . I see. Well, there's nothing more you can do. You go on, and get some sleep. The police'll call you when they need you."

"Sleep. I won't sleep for a week thinking of this terrible thing," Jordan replied. "I knew Mr. Collins was depressed lately. He had a good many business worries. But I . . . I never thought he'd do anything like . . . like this."

"Well, there's no accounting for the strange notions that come into people's heads. Anyway, you can go on home."

Jordan left. Kip watched him through the window emerge onto the street. Then he did a strange thing. He didn't at all call homicide as

he should have done. Instead, he started to shed his police uniform, and stood forth as . . . **THE BLACK HOOD!**

"Yes. People get strange notions in their heads," the Hood intoned grimly. "Very strange notions. I've got one right now about Mr. Robert Jordan, the timid bookkeeper."

Jordan was at home. But he wasn't sleeping. Instead he was packing. "So far, so good," he muttered with deep satisfaction. "Everything went perfect. That dumb cop will testify that I was on the phone when Collins shot himself. They'll ask me a couple of routine questions down at headquarters. Then I'll blow town, and be in the clear."

"Going somewhere, Jordan?" came the low but vibrant voice from behind.

Jordan whirled. There framed in the window, crouched a shadowy and powerful figure. A figure that was legend to honest people, and a nightmare to criminals. Jordan saw it as a nightmare.

"Wh . . . what do you want?" he husked.

"You, Jordan. For the murder of your employer, Mr. Collins."

"You're crazy. I . . . I

wasn't even near him, when . . ."

"Yes. I know what your story is going to be. My friend, Patrolman Burland, told me all about it. He also told me that you lied about calling Collins tonight, as you claimed."

"What! How could he possibly know that?"

"Because you said you'd gotten his phone number from information. But there wasn't any phone number on the base of the telephone in Collins' apartment. That meant that it was an unlisted phone. **AND NO OPERATOR WILL GIVE OUT THE NUMBER OF AN UNLISTED PHONE.**"

Jordan licked his parched lips. His voice came out cracked and trembling. "All right. I didn't call him. But he committed suicide. You . . . you can't prove otherwise."

"Oh yes we can. If you weren't such a rank amateur, you'd have known that a man who puts a gun to his head and shoots himself leaves a tell-tale sign. Powder burns. But there weren't any powder burns on Collins. And that means the gun was held at a distance . . . **BY SOMEBODY ELSE'S HAND.** Yours, Jordan!"

There was desperation in Jordan's voice. The desperation of a cornered rat. "All right. I did it. I'd been using the firm's money, and trying to cover it up in the books. Mr. Collins found out. Threatened to jail me. I went to his house. Pled with him, but he wouldn't listen. I attacked him. He got to his gun. We struggled, and I wrenched it from his hand. The . . . the rest you know."

"Okay, Jordan. The police will be interested in hearing that story. Let's go."

Jordan followed the Hood meekly toward the door. Suddenly, with startling unexpectedness, he lunged at the Hood. His fists flailed out wildly, and the Hood, taken completely by surprise went down under the hail of blows. Before he could get on his feet, Collins was hurtling wildly toward the window. There was the loud crash of broken glass. A piercing shriek that trailed the plunging body into the blackness below. A lumpy thump. Then, silence.

The Hood chased downstairs, into the courtyard, and up to the body of Jordan, which was now a corpse.

"Yes," he said looking down at the still figure. "Some people get funny notions."



# The Black HOOD

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY



and

THE CASE OF THE  
**FRIENDLY  
MURDER!**

PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND COMES HOME, ONE NIGHT, OFF HIS BEAT-TO FIND---

HM-W? A LETTER FROM THE OLD COLLEGE!

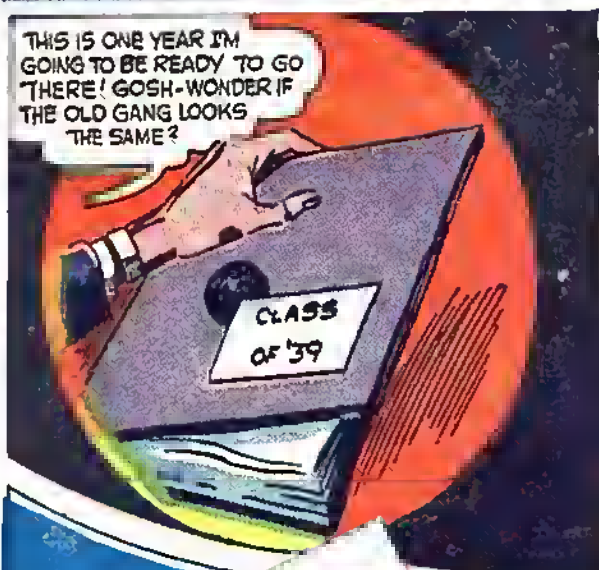


WELL, WO'DYA KNOW? THERE'S GONNA BE A CLASS RE-UNION-AND I'M INVITED!



DEAR CLASSMATE; WE ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO HAVING YOU WITH US THIS YEAR IN OUR GET TOGETHER-MAKE AKA'AYS MINE-ISE TO THE---

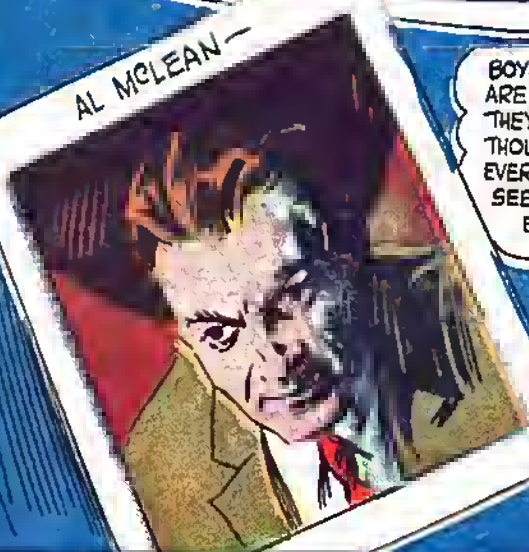
THIS IS ONE YEAR I'M GOING TO BE READY TO GO THERE! GOSH-WONDER IF THE OLD GANG LOOKS THE SAME?



HM-W? RIB' ROBBINS-THERE'S A GUY WHO GOT UNDER MY SKIN! RICH, CONCEITED, AND LOVES A JOKE! -AS LONG AS IT WAS ON SOMEONE ELSE!



AL MCLEAN-



BOY-WONDER IF THESE TWO ARE STILL THE SAME BUDDIES? THEY WERE INSEPARABLE, EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE RIVALS IN EVERY SPORT, AL ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE THE EDGE ON BILL!

BILL FIX-

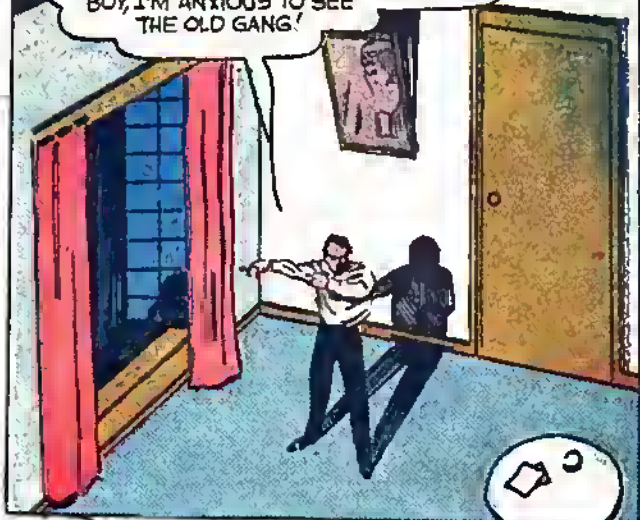




CLARENCE JORDAN-'BOOKWORM', WE USED TO CALL HIM! THERE'S A GUY WHO SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN SOMEWHERE! ALWAYS HAD HIS NOSE IN A BOOK!



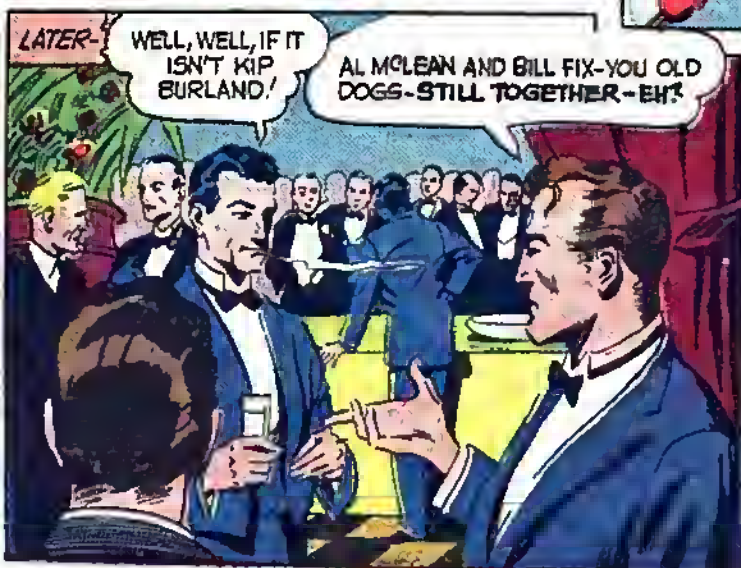
WELL, IF I'M GONNA GO, I BETTER GET STARTED...THE SHINDIG'S FOR TONIGHT! BOY, I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE THE OLD GANG!



LATER-

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T KIP BURLAND!

AL MCLEAN AND BILL FIX-YOU OLD DOGS- STILL TOGETHER- EH?



NOT FOR LONG, THOUGH, KIP! AL'S DUE TO BE MARRIED SOON!



THAT REMINDS ME I'M SUPPOSED TO CALL LOUISE AT TEN-THIRTY SHARP!

MEANWHILE-

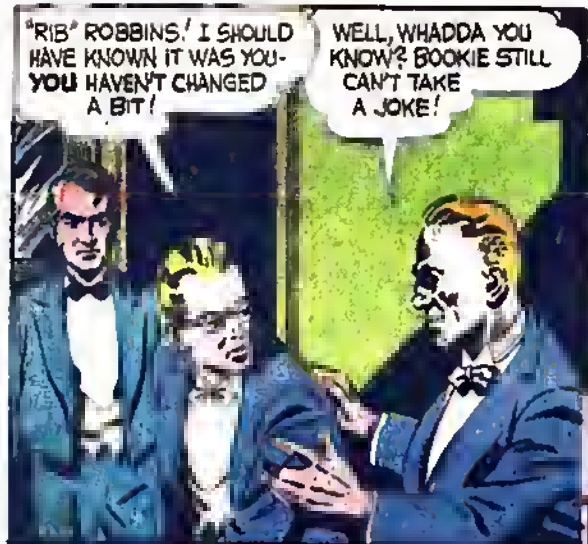
HAW, HAW! THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!



HA, HA-LOOK, GANG! I JUST GOT A RISE OUT OF BOOKWORM!

OOOHHOOO





"RIB" ROBBINS! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS YOU- YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT!

WELL, WHADDA YOU KNOW? BOOKIE STILL CAN'T TAKE A JOKE!



AND SPEAKING OF JOKE, WHAT DO YOU GUYS THINK "THE MAN MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED," IS DOING THESE BOOKKEEPER-IN MY OLD MAN'S FACTORY!

RIB, PLEASE DON'T!

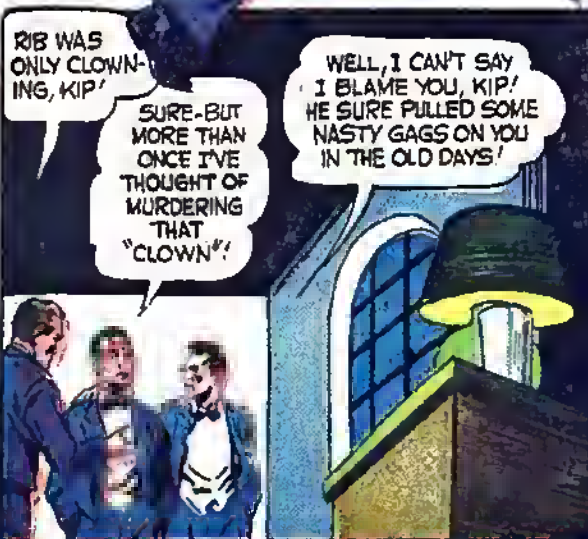


I DON'T THINK THAT'S SO FUNNY, RIB!



I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO THAT SINCE COLLEGE, YOU HEEL!

LEMME AT THAT BURLAND! I'LL TEAR HIM APART!



RIB WAS ONLY CLOWNING, KIP!

SURE-BUT MORE THAN ONCE I'VE THOUGHT OF MURDERING THAT "CLOWN"!

WELL, I CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU, KIP! HE SURE PULLED SOME NASTY GAGS ON YOU IN THE OLD DAYS!



-LATER THAT EVENING-

HM-M? AFTER 10 ALREADY-I THINK I'LL GIVE BARBARA A BUZZ--



BUT AS KIP OPENS THE PHONE-BOOTH DOOR —

WHA--

BETTER REMOVE THE KNIFE, BEFORE SOMEBODY SMEARS THE PRINTS!

HEY, KIP! WHAT'S KEEPING--GULP! GREAT HEAVENS! RIB!

YES, BILL! HE'S DEAD!

GOOD LORD, KIP! HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING?

WHAT? D'YOU THINK I KILLED HIM?

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO THINK? YOU FOUGHT WITH HIM-- AND THREATENED TO MURDER HIM AND NOW I FIND YOU OVER HIS CORPSE -- WITH A KNIFE IN YOUR HAND!

RIB! ROBBINS, MURDERED!



BOY! IT DOES LOOK BAD FOR ME,  
AT THAT. IF I DON'T GET OUT OF  
HERE, I'LL NEVER FIND THE  
REAL KILLER!



SORRY, BOYS, BUT THE PARTY'S  
OVER-FOR ME!



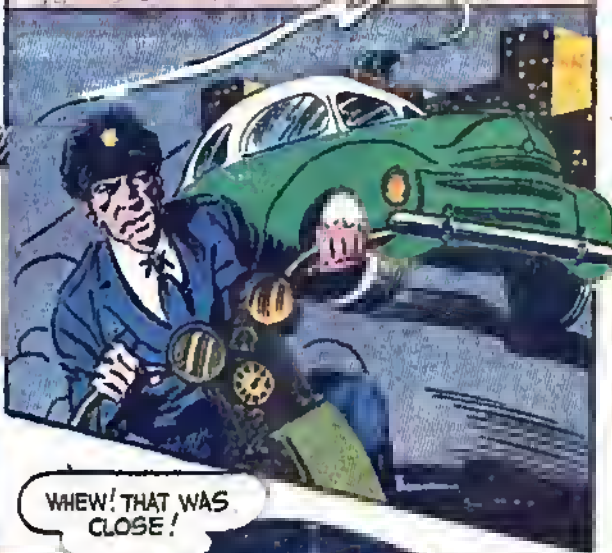
CALL THE POLICE,  
HE'S ESCAPING!



THERE HE  
GOES-SHOOT  
TO KILL!



THE POLICE CALL GOES OUT, AND SOON A DRAGNET  
SCOURS THE CITY!



WHEW! THAT WAS  
CLOSE!





WE GOT HIM CORNERED IN THIS ALLEY-YOU GO AROUND THE OTHER END-I'LL RUSH HIM FROM THIS SIDE!

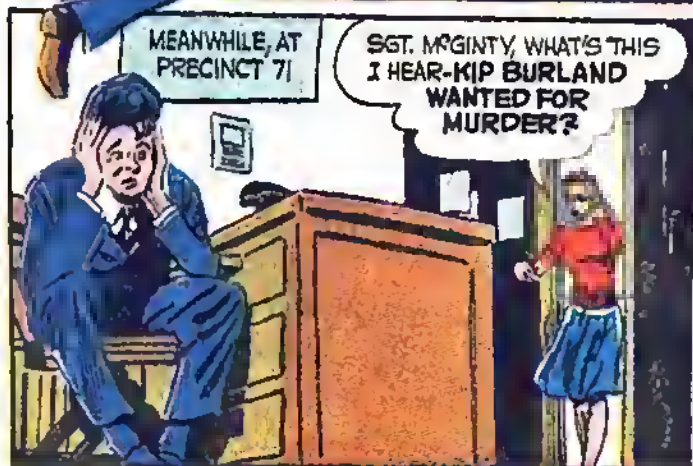


THE COAST IS CLEAR, FOR A WHILE! ONLY ONE PLACE I CAN HIDE!



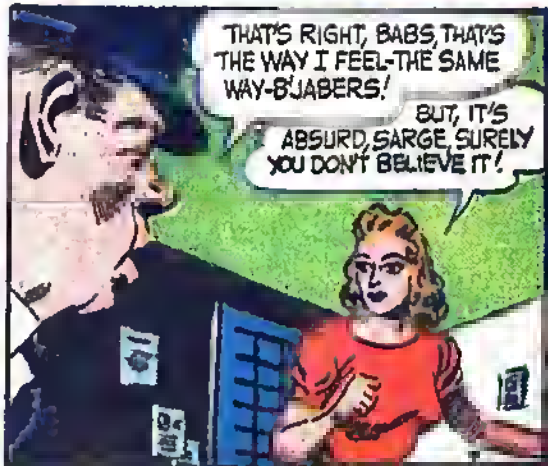
MEANWHILE, AT PRECINCT 71

SGT. MCGINTY, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR-KIP BURLAND WANTED FOR MURDER?



THAT'S RIGHT, BABS, THAT'S THE WAY I FEEL-THE SAME WAY-BJABERS!

BUT, IT'S ABSURD, SARGE, SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT!



WELL, IF HE DIDN'T DO IT,  
WHY DID HE CLEAR OUT  
IN SUCH A HURRY?  
DAGNABBIT!

I DON'T KNOW,  
BUT YOU CAN BE  
SURE IT WAS FOR  
ANOTHER  
REASON!

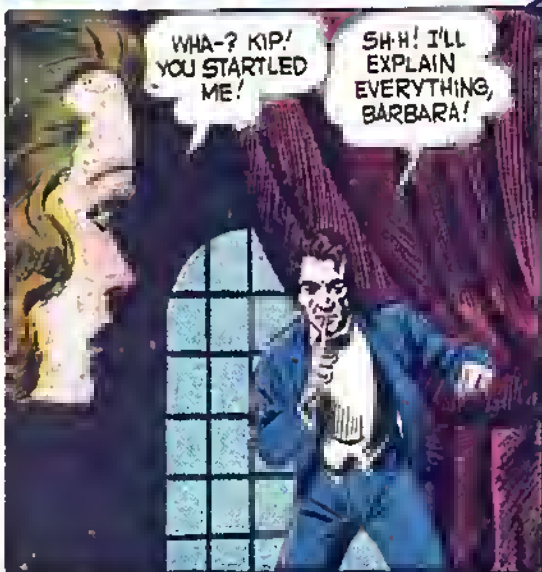


LATER, AS BARBARA ENTERS HER DARKENED APARTMENT---



WHA-? KIP!  
YOU STARTLED  
ME!

SH-H! I'LL  
EXPLAIN  
EVERYTHING,  
BARBARA!



KIP THEN RELATES THE ENTIRE STORY--

BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE  
RUN AWAY! WHY, IT MAKES  
THE CASE AGAINST YOU  
EVEN WORSE!

I KNOW, BUT I  
HAD TO HAVE A  
FREE HAND WHILE  
THE TRAIL IS  
STILL HOT!



THERE'S SOMETHING  
ABOUT RIB'S MURDER  
THAT DOESN'T  
MAKE SENSE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? A LOT  
OF PEOPLE MUST HAVE  
DISLIKED HIM!



YES, BUT THIS  
HAS ALL THE EAR-  
MARKS OF A PRE-  
PARED JOB! YET  
HOW COULD THE  
MURDERER KNOW  
THAT RIB WAS GO-  
ING TO BE IN THAT  
**PHONE  
BOOTH!**





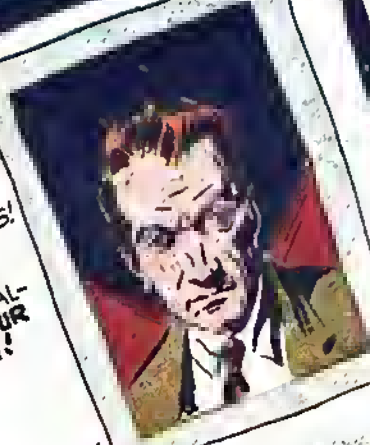
I TOOK A LONG CHANCE, GOING  
BACK TO MY APARTMENT TO GET  
THIS CLASS BOOK-BUT I  
WANTED TO LOOK IT  
OVER AGAIN!



BY GEORGE! I THINK  
I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE!  
MAY BE THE ANSWER TO  
THE WHOLE RIDDLE!

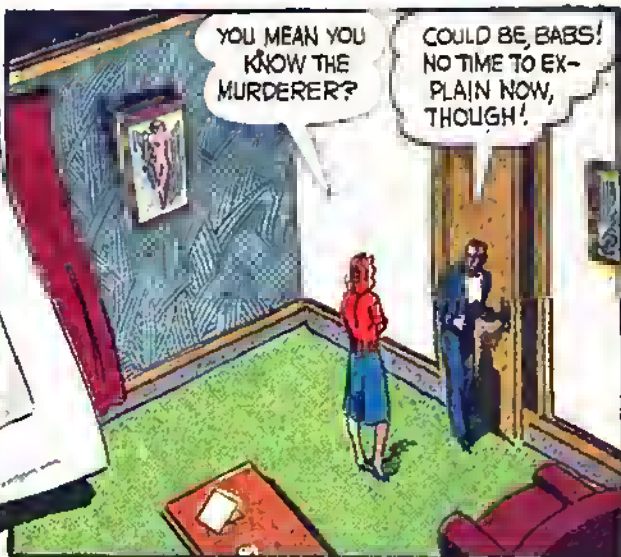


AL MCLEAN  
THE CLASS ATHLETE  
AL'S A WONDER AT  
EVERYTHING HE TRIES!  
A NATURAL BORN  
WINNER! AND THE  
GUY IS SO PUNCTUAL-  
YOU CAN SET YOUR  
WATCH BY HIM!



YOU MEAN YOU  
KNOW THE  
MURDERER?

COULD BE, BABS!  
NO TIME TO EX-  
PLAIN NOW,  
THOUGH!



OUTSIDE, A QUICK  
TRANSFORMATION  
TAKES PLACE!

NOW IT'S UP TO THE  
BLACK HOOD TO CLEAR  
KIP BURLAND'S  
NAME!



HERE'S AL'S  
HOUSE, NOW!





A SHOT--

BANG!



LOOKS LIKE I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK AFTER ALL! HOPE I HAVEN'T ARRIVED TOO LATE!!

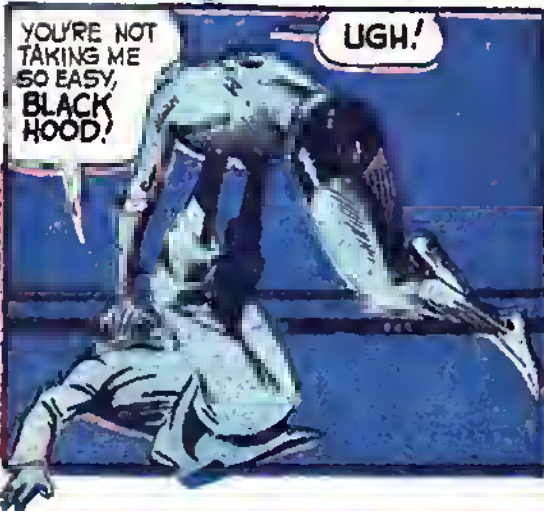


THERE GOES RIB ROBBINS' MURDERER!



OOOF!

JUST A MINUTE, BUD!



UGH!

YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME SO EASY, BLACK HOOD!



OKAY, IF IT'S FIGHT YOU WANT--



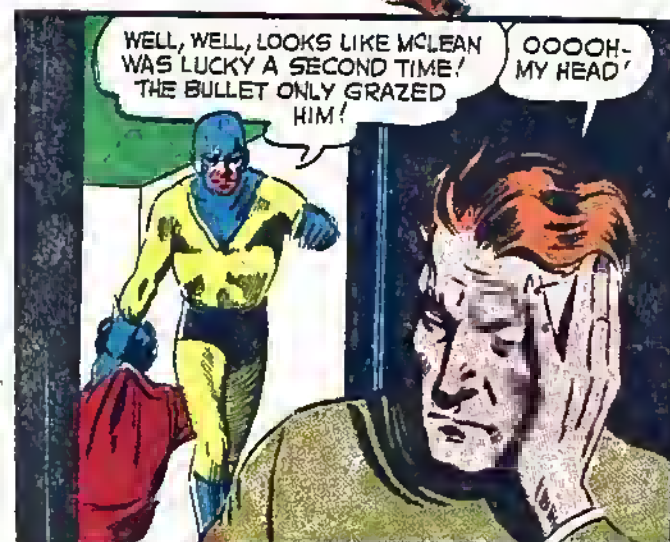


IT'S FIGHT  
YOU'LL GET!



NOW ARE YOU  
CONVINCED?

O.O.K.A.Y., HOOD-PLUF.  
I-I QUIT--GROAN!



WELL, WELL, LOOKS LIKE MCLEAN  
WAS LUCKY A SECOND TIME!  
THE BULLET ONLY GRAZED  
HIM!

OOOOH-  
MY HEAD!



BILL FIX! MY BEST  
FRIEND-IT WAS  
YOU WHO SHOT  
AT ME!

YES-AND  
KILLED 'RIB'  
ROBBINS,  
TOO-BY  
MISTAKE!

THAT'S RIGHT-  
THAT KNIFE  
WAS INTEND-  
ED FOR YOU,  
AL!

I'VE HATED YOU SINCE COLLEGE, BLAST YOU!  
YOU BEAT ME OUT AT EVERYTHING - BUT  
I WAS FORCED TO  
ACT NOBLE!



BUT WHEN YOU WON LOUISE -  
THE GIRL I LOVED, TOO - IT  
WAS THE LAST STRAW!!

-AND THE LAST MILE, TOO,  
BILL! CALL THE  
POLICE, AL!



NEXT DAY--

WELL, KIP, YOU DID IT - BUT  
I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT  
WHAT IT WAS IN THAT CLASS-  
BOOK THAT PUT YOU ON  
THE TRAIL!

SIMPLE, BABS! THAT LITTLE  
BLURB ABOUT AL PRAISING  
HIM FOR HIS  
PUNCTUALITY!



THE KILLER HAD TO BE SURE HIS VICTIM  
WOULD BE THERE EXACTLY ON THE  
MINUTE - PUTTING TWO AND TWO  
TOGETHER, THAT MEANT AL! UNFOR-  
TUNATELY, RIB GOT TO THE BOOTH  
AT THE WRONG TIME!



INGENIOUS MR. BURLAND!  
WELL, I'VE GOT TO BE  
RUNNING NOW!

WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING, BABS?



MY OLD SORORITY  
IS HOLDING A  
CLASS RE-  
UNION! SO  
LONG!



IS SHE  
KIDDING  
ME?





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FOR  
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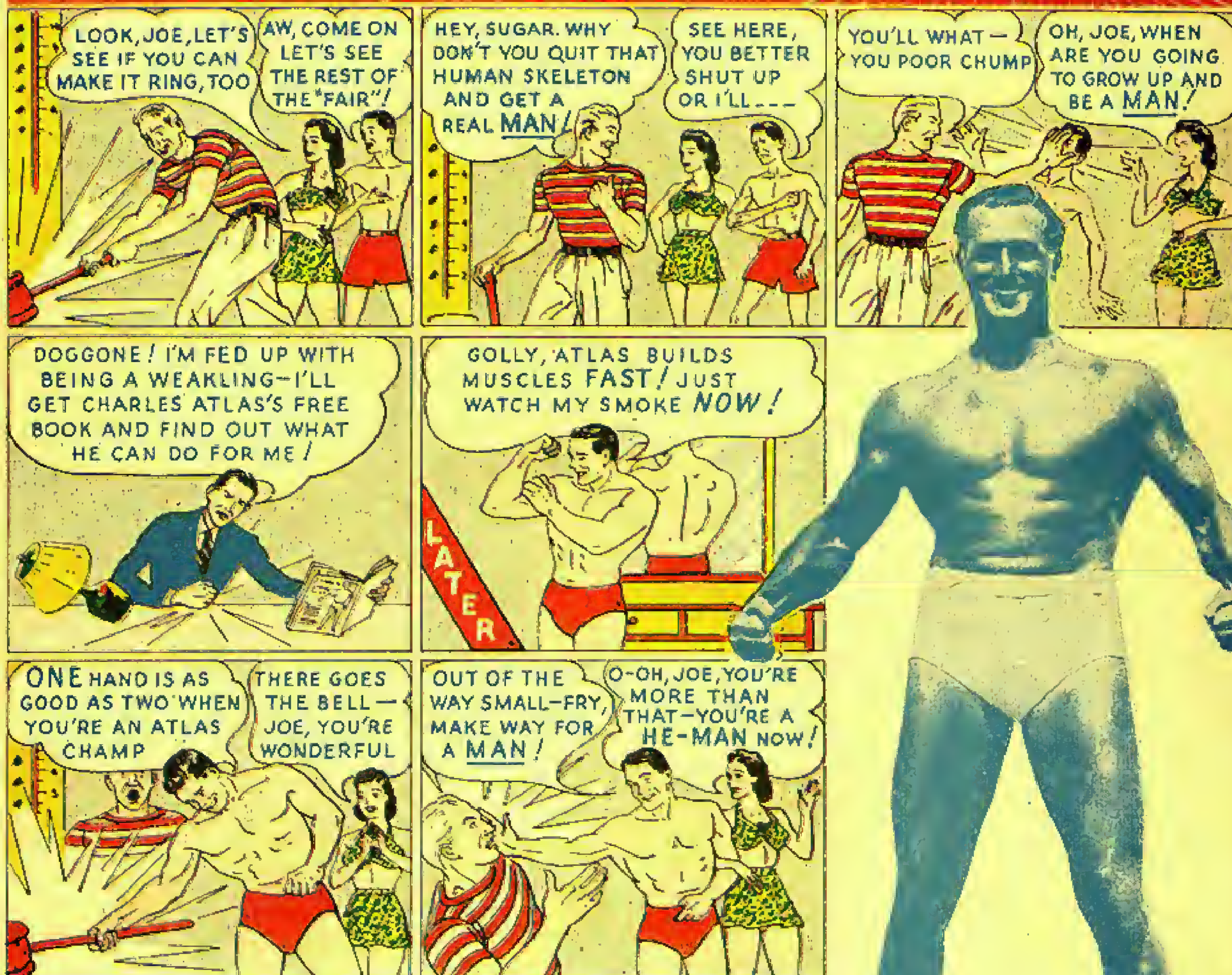
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